

January 31, 1962

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WINNERS

MOTHER and BABY PICTURES

Cover and pages 9-12

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your child's
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● From Mr. M. A. Gutson, Rose Bay, N.S.W. came an interesting letter about the bricks in the Albury railway station.

IN a story ("That old break-of-gauge waltz is ending") in our December 27 issue, Freda Irving reported that the red and white bricks on the front of the 76-year-old station were said to have come from Belgium.

Mr. Gutson told us that when his parents arrived in Sydney from England in 1840 his father brought men and machinery to open a pottery.

The party left for Albury by bullock dray, a trip which took about six weeks, and his father started a pottery in the town.

When work on the railway station was begun, his father had all the bricks hand-picked.

Mr. Gutson wrote: "Even then some were discarded, and some of these Father sent to the Paris Exhibition. Much to his surprise, they won first prize, so you have a fair idea what bricks the station is built of."

BY coincidence, two plays about Anzac Day made news in London last year.

While Alan Seymour's "The One Day of the Year" was being rehearsed, the B.B.C. was planning to produce Peter Yeldham's "Reunion Day" (page 15).

Neither group was aware of the other's play until "The One Day of the Year" was to open, but the plots are entirely dissimilar.

Peter Yeldham says: "The One Day of the Year" is basically a family conflict dealing with the younger genera-

Our cover

● Delightful picture of Mrs. John McKenna and three-week-old Jane Elizabeth, of Perth, taken by Dr. John McKenna wins the £50 prize in the color section of our Mother-and-Baby Picture Contest (pages 9 to 12).

Jane Elizabeth is now four. Dr. and Mrs. McKenna have two other children—Mitchell John, 24, and Andrea Gwynne, seven months.

Dr. McKenna—a keen photographer—does all his own developing and retouching. He is also interested in amateur movie-making.

tion's attitude to their elderly conservatism.

"Reunion Day" deals with the disillusionment of men who live on memories that have become larger than reality."

TYPICAL of the response of men and women to the emergency of the Victorian bushfire disaster (story, page 4) was a Red Cross regional commandant.

Freda Irving says: "The commandant must have had little thought of her grey hairs. She worked solidly from noon on the first day of the fires until 1 o'clock the following morning."

"She went home for a few hours' sleep and was back by six the next morning."

"And she was still hard at it late that day organising food, fruit, and drinks."



BUSHFIRES

● *In a near-century heatwave, raging bushfires turned much of Victoria into an inferno, destroying homes and property in the State's worst disaster since the horror of "Black Friday," 1939.*

See story overleaf

BUSHFIRES

Horror hits Victoria

*A saga of death,
destruction, and
driving courage*



REGARDLESS OF DANGER, a young firefighter in the Dandenongs helps in the struggle to save a nursery threatened by the relentless flames, which at times raced at 40 miles an hour.

Page 4

● A middle-aged woman walked slowly out of the Progress Hall at The Basin, where she'd been toiling steadily for 18 hours caring for the firefighters back for a breather after struggling for hours on end against the engulfing flames in the Dandenongs during Victoria's most catastrophic bushfires since "Black Friday," January 13, 1939. She gazed fixedly at the huge black column of smoke spiralling in a great gusty wave from the tall timber high on the hill behind the hall. "It's Tobruk Road," called one of the firefighters directing a truckload of men and boys to the fresh outbreak. The woman walked quietly back into the hall to carry on with her job without a backward glance at the terrifying volume of smoke. "I thought it was," she said. "Yes, that's where I live," she replied to an inquirer. That one vignette tells the whole story of the courage and selflessness among the thousands of men, women, and children who fought Victoria's bushfire battle for days on end in raging heat and violent winds.

By FREDIA IRVING

THERE were the volunteer firefighters coming into control points—grimy, sweaty, eyes red-rimmed, near collapse from heat exhaustion, but still bracing themselves to carry on after a brief breather.

Some were snake-bitten, some were burnt.

They were out on their feet, but they wouldn't lie down.

Thousands of them came from all over the place to join in the fight.

● The three young men returning from a holiday down Phillip Bay helped fight a fire at Drouin on the way home, saw the glow in the sky over the Dandenongs, went home for a couple of hours' sleep, and then drove on to the nearest check-point.

They fought the fire all night—and then left in time to get to work in Melbourne at nine.

They were back the next night to fight on, and the next.

Long ordeals

● The youthful Country Fire Authority officer who'd started fighting on the Sunday night and was still fighting on at 2 a.m. on the Tuesday.

His only worry was to get his "boys" home for a break, because they were "in for a stiff day tomorrow."

● The man who gave his business away completely for three days, to my certain knowledge, and turned out with his big truck to transport teams of fighters to vital spots.

He was nearly cross-eyed with tiredness by the end of the second day, after continually driving a monster truck round the rutted, winding mountain roads.

He'd had the smoke, the heat, and the flames. But he still fronted up to the third day, and I'm certain sure he

would have gone on fronting till the danger was past.

● The imperturbable policemen and Country Fire Authority officers who directed the teams of attacking forces and courteously but firmly blocked the thoughtless, senseless rubbernecks from choking vital roads.

Believe it or not, there were hundreds of them trying to get as close as they could for a grandstand view of other people's tragedy—and not lifting a finger to help.

They didn't get far. The women in the fire-fight were as grand as the men.

Perhaps even grander, for they had none of the excitement of beating something back, the exhilaration of saving somebody's home, the spur of constant danger.

For them it was the never-ending behind-the-scenes monotony of cutting sandwiches, pouring drinks, giving first-aid, cooking food; the continual nerve strain of worrying how their menfolk were faring in the fight, of comforting the homeless.

And for some there was the added constant fear of whether they themselves would have a home to go to

when they finished their round-the-clock stint in stiflingly hot halls.

A grand job

Between them all, these front-line and behind-the-scenes fighters—and the big firms who helped by lending equipment—co-operated in saving countless homes and preventing what could have been a greater toll of human life.

When the Great Divide and the Dandenongs looked ablaze from end to end, with the flames throwing a great canopy of crimson in the sky, the amazing thing was that ANY houses were saved and that numberless lives weren't lost.

"It was a miracle that more houses didn't go," a C.F.A. officer told me.

"Time and time again we hadn't a hope of saving a house, and then suddenly there'd be a change of wind and all was well."

But even so there were nearly 200 families for whom, between Sunday and Tuesday night, there was no miracle. They were the ones who lost their homes and all their possessions.

People like the painter and decorator from Essex, England, who came to Australia with his family of four in 1936 and whose house (half paid for) has been left a shell by the flames.

Now he, his wife, their family, and his wife's mother are left with only the clothes they were wearing at the time the 40ft. to 50ft.-tall flames swept through Kalorama.

But they've still got their car in which they escaped, their son's cat, Smokey, and all the hope and determination in the world.

Still smiling

"We'll get going again—somehow," said this game pair of parents with determined grins.

Somehow all of them brought vividly to mind the Battle of Britain types of World War II.

They should have been beaten. Sometimes they were beaten, but they'd never admit it, and so they weren't.

That and the mass mate-ship which came out of the fires are two memories as bright as the flames which welded them.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 31, 1940

The best Cigarette of them all

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The more you smoke Viscount, the more you'll be convinced it's *the best cigarette of them all* . . not just the best *filter* cigarette . . but the *best cigarette*. Smoke Viscount and you'll enjoy the freshest, smoothest flavour ever! Viscount King-Size Filters . . 3/- for 20 everywhere. Viscount, the best cigarette of them all! Also in packets of 10, and boxes of 50



Granny goes to sea

"It's smashin', love," she says

By BILL DELANY

● It all began one rainy day in London five years ago when Ivy Jones sat in a bus going to work as cook-manageress for a catering firm.

THE day, she knew, would be just like any other day: she would spend the morning cooking for an outside function and the afternoon supervising the party; and at the day's end she would return to her home at Woolwich, a crowded Thames-side suburb.

Hers had been a life restricted by environment and circumstance since her husband's death in the early war-time years. She had left London only a few times, and only then to see her children, who had been evacuated to Wales with the threat of German invasion and the danger of German bombs.

She felt no conscious compulsion to widen her horizons. She was happy with her job, her family, and her "telly."

How it began

But in that London bus her eyes idly met an "advert" for a New Zealand shipping line—and that night she wrote to the company seeking a job as a cook.

"I didn't even know that shipping lines employed only male cooks. But I got a letter back asking me if I'd be willing to sign on as a laundress on a ship," she says.

That night she phoned her married son.

"If you want to see me before a few months' time, you'd better come over before Friday. I am going away on Saturday," she told him.

"Going away? Where to?" asked her son. "Bourne-mouth?"

"To New Zealand and Australia and . . ." her voice trailed away. They were the only countries she knew were on the ship's itinerary, and she didn't know very well where they were.

The son arrived at her home with her married daughter in a state of high alarm. Why was she going away? Had they made her feel unwanted?

"I want a change, that's all."

It was as simple as that. And within a week Ivy Jones, grandmother, was on her way.

Recently, when the Shaw-Savill liner Southern Cross docked at Sydney, Ivy sat behind a counter in the ship's

laundry and talked about her job in a voice that was sheer London.

The Southern Cross is a one-class ship with wonderful amenities and its Australia-bound passengers were mainly middle-aged people doing a world cruise, and youthful Aussies coming home after working holidays in Britain—all in all a friendly ship into which Ivy fitted perfectly.

"They're lovely, my passengers," she said fondly, slightly possessively. And broke off to say to a young mother who entered the laundry: "Come for your nappies, love?"

Ivy is one of those people who can call passengers—and high-rating ship's officers—"love" and "dearie" and make them like it. It's as natural to her as the repeated bursts of laughter that punctuate her conversation.

She once asked the ship's doctor what he was doing when he got ashore and added that if he couldn't find anyone else for company she'd be glad to do the town with him. The doctor replied that he couldn't ask for better company, but . . .

Nappies first

"Nappies are first priority," she told the young mother. "I should know—I was one of 11 myself."

"Where were we, love? Passengers? They're lovely. You strike a mark now and then, but you go along with him and by the end of the trip he's giving you his address and telling you to come and see him."

How much laundry did she put through the ship's two big dryers every day?

"About 1000lb. This trip we've got a lot of young married couples with babies

and nappies get first priority."

She stopped to pick out a frock from one of the clothes-racks in the laundry and handed it to a passenger. Ivy needs hardly glance at dockets to identify her customers' garments—and the ship was carrying over a thousand passengers.

She told the passenger: "Have fun while you're ashore. Don't do anything I wouldn't do and you'll have lots of fun."

40 years hence

How long did she expect to stay at sea?

That's what her son and daughter are always asking her. She tells them she'll come home to stay in another 40 years or so if she gets the sack—"and you can't walk off the job in a huff when you're at sea."

How did she get along with the ship's crew?

"They're smashin', love. But during my first trip they played all kinds of tricks on me. Like they told me that as a rookie I had to get dumped overboard tied to a line when we were crossing the Equator."

"I hid in my cabin until we had crossed the line, scared stiff. Then I put on my bathers and went on to the deck for a sunbake and a doze."

"Then—kersplash! The boys threw about 20 buckets of water on me from the deck above. Honestly, dearie, I thought they'd thrown me overboard without the line."

"And when we left Southampton on my first trip they told me to save all my bread-



MELBOURNE-BORN Esther Grey, stewardess aboard the Southern Cross, relaxes off duty.

crusts for the mule trains along the Panama Canal. By the time we got to Panama I had a pile of crusts as high as Mt. Everest and 'I didn't see a mule. A real rookie, I was."

Harbor Bridge

How did she like Australia and Australians?

"They're smashin', love. Every time I get to Sydney I walk across the Bridge and talk to the people. You don't meet friendlier people anywhere."

"King's Cross? In Sydney? It is? They do? It sounds very cosmopolitan."

Her laugh came again. "And to think I've booked a seat to go to the Blue Mountains! Next time for sure, love."

How did she like being away from London?

She missed it, of course. She missed her children and her two grandchildren, but she wrote to them from every port. And when she was home she spent most of her time with them.

"One thing about being at sea—it cuts down your social circle at home. You're only at home a few days and you can't see all your old friends. And if you visit one, another might be offended. So you stay at home with your family watching the telly."

That's how Ivy Jones, ship's laundress, who for more than 40 years rarely moved outside London but has since travelled hundreds of thousands of miles to strange lands, spends her days at sea—and at home.

And it all began when she saw an "advert" in a London bus . . .

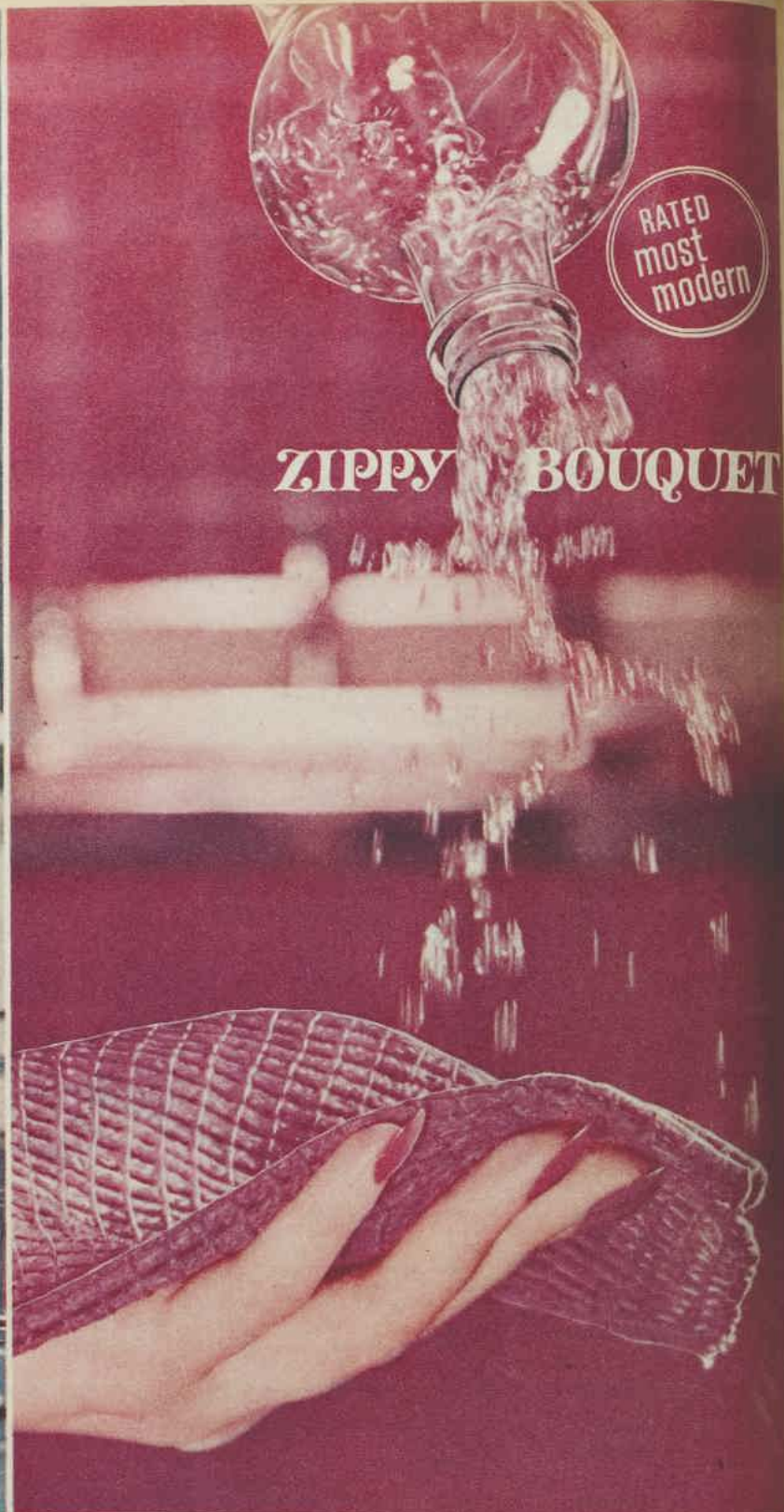


PURSERETTES Barbara Naylor (left) and Lorna Brand. Barbara once worked at Queensland University. Lorna was a secretary.



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The pictures Father took

● Here and on the next three pages are prizewinning photographs of mothers and babies, taken by the fathers. The Australian Women's Weekly announced the contest when publishing the Earl of Snowdon's pictures of Princess Margaret and their baby. The winner of first prize in the color-photograph section of the contest is reproduced on our cover.



● Helen Mackenzie, six months, with her mother, photographed in 1961 by Mr. Ross Mackenzie, of Dickson, A.C.T. (£10.)



● Anita Louise Altmann, six months, with her mother, photographed in 1962 by Mr. Charles Altmann, of Campsie, N.S.W. (£10.)



● Guy Morrison, six months, with his mother, photographed in December, 1961, by Mr. Don Morrison, of Dee Why, N.S.W. This wins £50.



● Richard Ellis, eight months, with his mother, photographed in 1962 by Mr. Gary Ellis, of Campbell, A.C.T. (£10.)



● Sharon Patricia Sexton, aged four months, with her mother, photographed in 1961 by Mr. Brian Sexton, of Anglesea, Vic. A prize of £10 is awarded for this photograph.

Mother-and-baby prize photographs —in color

THESE are the runners-up to the first-prize picture on our cover. The contest aroused such wide interest and brought so many excellent entries that the prize list has been enlarged. It was a condition of the contest that each photograph must be taken by the father.



● Cindy Greenberg, aged seven months, with her mother, photographed in July, 1961, by Mr. Bob Greenberg, of Darwin, Northern Territory. This picture wins £10.



● Phillipa Harpur, 10 months, with her mother, photographed in Suva in 1956 by Mr. Hal Harpur, of Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W. (£10.)



● Cameron Bennett, two weeks, with his mother, photographed in 1960 by Mr. Bain Bennett, of Rose Bay, N.S.W.



● Dennis Hurlstone, 7 months, with mother, taken 1954 by Mr. Ronald Hurlstone, of Belmore, N.S.W.

These
pictures
win £5



● Bertram Birk, aged five months, with his mother, photographed in January, 1959, by Mr. Karl Birk, of Tarraleah, Tas.



● Gary Kirby, nine months, with his mother, photographed in 1961 by Mr. Brian Kirby, of Ringwood East, Vic.



● Right: Nita Bacher, five months, with her mother, photographed in 1961 by Mr. Werner Bacher, of Maitland, S.A.

● Janelle Readshaw, four months, with her mother, photographed in September, 1961, by Dr. Grahame Readshaw, of Fairfield, Qld.



More mother-and-baby photographs

*These pictures
win £5 each*



● Diane O'Sullivan, four months, with her mother, photographed in 1959 by Mr. James O'Sullivan, of Earlewood, N.S.W.



● Deborah Leayr, three months, with mother, photographed in 1959 by Mr. Robert Leayr, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.



● Gregory Leamon, aged nine months, with his mother, photographed in 1957 by Mr. Robert Leamon, Coogee, N.S.W.



● Michele Susan Ashton at seven months, with her mother, photographed in 1959 by Mr. Don Ashton, Southport, Qld.

*And these
"period"
photographs
win £2/2/-*



● Peter Collas, two months, with his mother, photographed in 1921 by Mr. Laurence Collas, of Camp Hill, Qld.



● Roderic Henry Anderson, six weeks, with his mother, photographed in 1908 by the late Mr. L. F. Anderson, of Greenwich Point, N.S.W.

SOCIAL

WEARING a very simple palest mother-of-pearl pink satin gown and her veil set off with a circlet of fresh flowers—probably daisies or Cecil Brunner roses—youthful Gillian Price will be a lovely bride when she weds Graham Hook on February 10.

Bridesmaids Gael Rudwick and Josephine Cullis-Hill will be in ankle-length dresses of dusty-pink Thai silk.

The ceremony, which will be at St. Jude's Church, Bowral, will be performed by the bridegroom's father, the Rev. Gilbert Hook, of Lindfield.

Afterwards, Gillian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Price, will entertain at the Bowral Golf Club.

For the past few months Gillian and Graham have haunted sales in search of interesting antiques for the home unit they've bought at "Laurel Park," Bowral, a beautiful old house built by Sir John McIntosh about seventy years ago.

Their unit is on the ground floor and includes the original kitchen. It's huge and abounds with wonderful cupboards.

★ ★ ★
TRAVELLING via the Orient, with Hong Kong among ports of call, is adding to the thrill of their first trip abroad for Jane and Susan Hill. They're sailing with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, in the Himalaya on February 27. The foursome will disembark at Naples and explore the Continent before going on to England.

★ ★ ★
SUCH a whirl of family reunions for Mrs. Lionel McFadyen.

She's just home after several weeks with her daughter Robin and son-in-law Sandy Mackay, of Mackay, Queensland—and being on the spot for the arrival of their infant son, Andrew. Homeward bound, Mrs. McFadyen had a few days in Brisbane with her younger son, Ross, and his pretty wife, Judy, and on her arrival here she was greeted by her other daughter, Margot, Mrs. David Turnbull, of Doncaster, Victoria. Mrs. Turnbull is holidaying in Sydney with her small children, Wendy, David, and Nicholas, until the end of the month, while her husband is making a brief flying trip abroad.

★ ★ ★
THE United State Consul-General, Mr. Laurence C. Vass, and his wife gave their younger daughter, Linda, such a lovely necklace of creamy cultured pearls for her 21st birthday last week. A talking point at the dinner dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Vass at their home at Darling Point to celebrate the occasion was Linda's cake. It was lit with 22 candles! Mrs. Vass explained it's an American tradition to add an extra candle on birthday cakes as a good-luck omen for "another year to grow."

★ ★ ★
WARREN EGGINS, of Camden, struck a different note in choosing gifts for Mrs. Douglas Fleming, of "Vitonga," Moree, and Alison Heane, of "Newstead," Tarana, who attended his bride, Jennifer Caines, at their marriage at St. John's Chapel, Sydney University, last week. He bought them heavy silver salt and pepper shakers—because they're both so house-proud-minded at present. Mrs. Fleming, formerly Diana Wagschall, has been married for only about two months and Alison has just become engaged to Ken Druit, of Oberon.

★ ★ ★
CANBERRA-BOUND for the Australia Day weekend are Dr. and Mrs. James Vernon, of Double Bay, who are motoring down for the Institute of Political Science's Summer School, which opens at the Albert Hall on January 27. And they're thrilled that their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Nigel Gray, of Melbourne, are also making plans to attend the Summer School and rendezvous with them in Canberra. Latest news from Dr. and Mrs. Vernon's younger daughter, Kay, who is at Mon Fertile Finishing School in Switzerland, is that she and Janet Cree, of Bellevue Hill, will leave for home on February 28. They'll fly direct from Geneva, with a few days in New York and Honolulu en route.



ENGAGED. Miss Penelope Wyndham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote Wyndham, of Gunnedah, and Mr. David Cameron, son of Mrs. Ronald Cameron, of Elizabeth Bay, and the late Mr. Cameron.

ROUNDAABOUT

By Mary Coles



NAVAL OFFICERS formed a guard of honor for Commander J. L. W. ("Red") Merson, captain of H.M.A.S. Yarra, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Sylvia Quist, pictured at right leaving the Naval Memorial Chapel, H.M.A.S. Watson. ABOVE are their attendants, the bride's daughter, Miss Carolyn Quist, and Commander M. P. Reed, R.A.N. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. N. L. Merson, of Canberra, and the late Mr. Merson. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Keighley, of Bernal, and Bradford, Yorkshire, England.

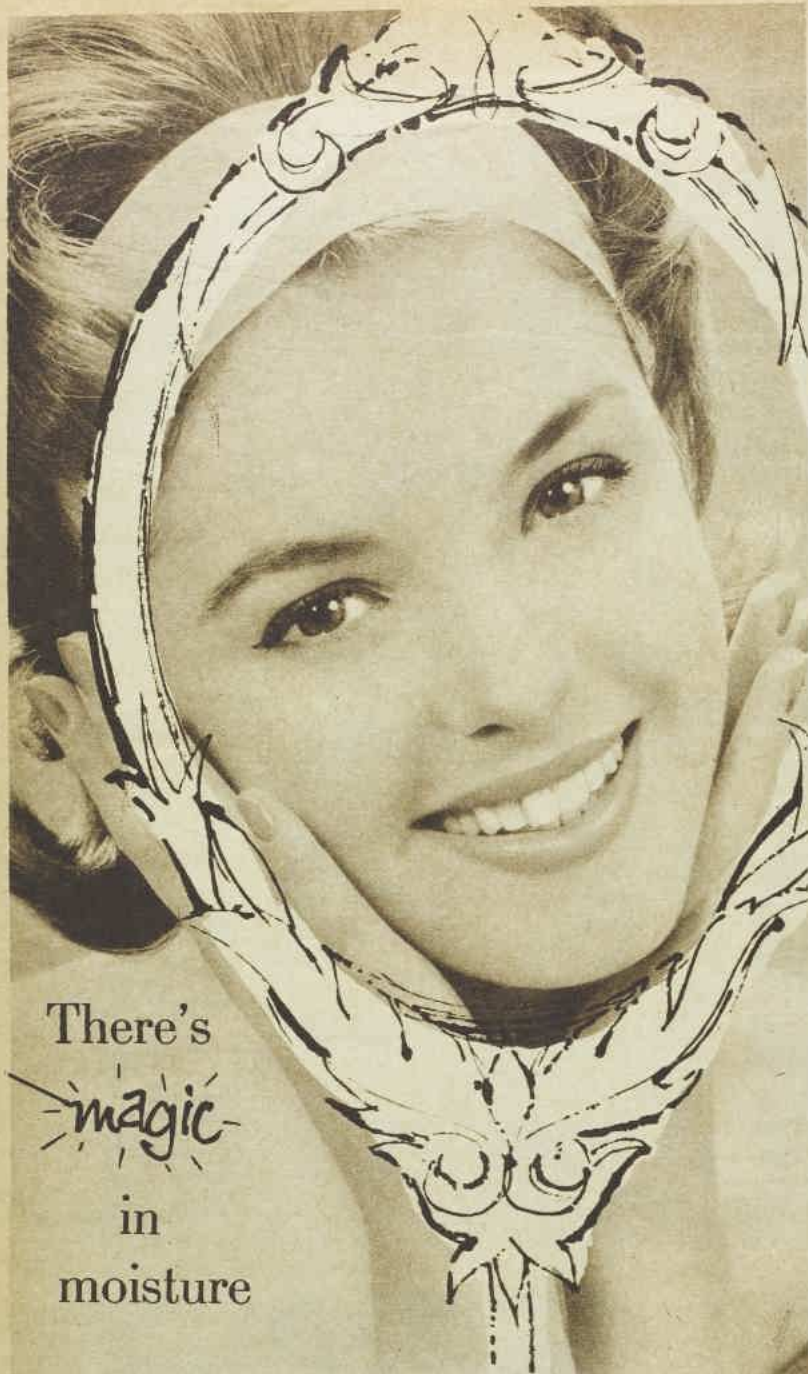


LEAVING Riverside College Chapel, Mr. Paul McGrath and his bride, formerly Miss Angela Wills, were protected from the rain by a beach umbrella. The bride is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wills, of Mosman, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McGrath, of Cremorne.

BELOW: Recently engaged Mr. John Sawtell, of "Springleigh," Blackall, and Miss Julie-Anne Coleman, of Dalby, have been holidaying from Queensland, staying with Mr. Sawtell's mother, Mrs. T. A. Field. They were pictured beside the swimming-pool in the lovely garden of Mrs. Field's home in Lucinda Avenue, Wahroonga.



COURTLY GESTURE. Just-wed Baron Axel G:son Rappe kissed the hand of his lovely bride, formerly Miss Gillian Broinowski, when the young couple paused outside St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, with their attendants, Miss Jean Osborne and Mr. Troels Forchhammer. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Broinowski, who entertained at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the ceremony. The bridegroom is the son of Swedish scientist Baron G. A. Rappe, of Christinlund, and Baroness Hedvig Rappe, of Langstorp, Sweden.



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FATHER



"If you can read in bed, why can't I write?"

MOTHER



"What's wrong, Mum? Why aren't you cross and bothered this morning?"

It seems to me

WHY round figures in years should have more significance than other intervals of time goodness knows, but I'll bet that everybody old enough to remember has reflected that it is 20 years since 1942.

Twenty years since the fall of Singapore, since the bombing of Darwin, since the battle of the Coral Sea.

Twenty years since we covered our windows with that nasty dark brown paper and wondered how soon was the end of the world to be. But the world is still going on—or it was at time of writing.

WHAT a mad, mixed-up world it is. Listening to the radio last week for the latest news of the Dutch-Indonesian naval clash, I heard the announcer on a commercial station say:

"In a minute, the news. After that we bring you the voice of Bobby Vee in his latest hit . . ."

THOSE tigers that people keep in their cars are evidently only the forerunners of what is to come.

In America someone is now selling six-foot plastic mermaids with red hair and green eyes, intended to be used "for laughs" in cars.

I suppose one shouldn't be too scornful about these toys. I have a koala which is supposed to be a mascot. It sits on top of the radiogram. I like it.

ALONG with many other citizens I left the TV set dark last Thursday night in favor of the radio, to hear Joan Sutherland in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Apart from the pleasure of the magnificent recording, it was a rediscovery of the advantages of radio.

Not that I would object to seeing "Lucia" on TV, but with only ears engaged I managed a wonderful programme of my own.

I ironed a couple of dresses during the first act. By the time we were up to the sextet in the second act I was busy polishing my light shoes (previously cleaned, according to the instructions of readers of last week's column, with an antiseptic containing eucalyptus).

The Mad Scene was a first-class accompaniment for washing some stubborn marks off the venetian blind.

From then on I grew lazy and just listened. It was after the New York Metropolitan performance of "Lucia" that Australia's Miss Sutherland made the remark which is destined to be quoted forever: "I love those demented dames of the old operas."

I would go even further. I know it's a frightfully square thing to say, but as entertainment they leave Miss Connie Francis and Elvis for dead.

By



Dorothy Drann

SOME famous cooks are at work on a tome to be called by the forbidding name of "Codex Culinaris," a cookery book that will take its place in reference libraries.

Object is to preserve the most famous recipes of various nations in their authentic form.

I pointed out this item to an old friend of mine, called Suzie for the purposes of this paragraph.

Suzie is a good cook, but she looks at a recipe and says, "Hmm, a teaspoon of mustard. A half-teaspoon would be better, and some poppy seeds will improve it."

When she is served a dish such as Sole Veronique she will say, "I wonder how it would go with cherries instead of grapes?"

I expected that she would snort at the notion that recipes must be preserved in a rigid form.

Nothing of the sort. "When is the book going to be published?" she asked. "I must get it."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"It will be such fun making the alterations," she said.

TWO special clocks to warn members of the time limit on speeches will be installed in the House of Representatives. As a member begins to speak the clock will count down the minutes to zero.

The Honorable Member for Wanglepong Made speeches loud and made speeches long.

The members shuffled and coughed and snoozed, While his sentences rambled, at length, diffused.

It wasn't as though he said things twice, For that is a speaker's normal vice.

In fact, that's something that most of us do,

It goes for me and it goes for you. But he said things over and over again, And when he had said them, well, what then?

Then someone in search of a foolproof block

Devised and installed the count-down clock.

And the members thought: "This will still the song

Of the Honorable Member for Wanglepong."

As the minutes ticked to the zero hour, It didn't diminish his staying power,

Nor faze for a second his calm aplomb, As indeed nought would—except a bomb.

ANZAC REUNION

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Inside the B.B.C.'s northern television studios giant are lights re-created Australian sunshine, while outside fog blanketed Manchester. The actors took their places for a final rehearsal of the TV play "Reunion Day."

THE setting was Sydney, on a warm, sunny Anzac Day.

In one corner of the studio a replica of a private bar in a Sydney hotel was crowded with Australian actors.

In another corner was a North Shore home with sun patio, and nearby a fibro bungalow. A bachelor flat adjoined.

From these three homes the play follows the fortunes of three men, who meet four or five others each year to celebrate Anzac Day. Each year they joyfully recall the things that happened in war. Each year it becomes harder to recapture the spirit that united them in those distant days.

The author, Peter Yeldham, an Australian who came to London in 1956, is one of TV's busiest writers. He has several other plays scheduled for production, and "Reunion Day" is to be produced on Germany's major TV station.

Peter, who is 34, and his wife, Marjorie ("my best and sternest critic"), have a pleas-

ant Kensington home and two lively children. But their first two years in England were pretty tough.

He wrote hundreds of TV crime-series episodes before he could afford to concentrate on the work he wanted to do.

"Reunion Day" is not the first example of this. His "Thunder on the Snow" was televised all over Europe as well as Britain. His first screenplay, "Wildfire At Midnight," has been bought by Associated British, and another screenplay, "The Upstarts," by Cabal Productions.

The cast of "Reunion Day" includes Ray Barrett as Major Tim Anderson, a major at 23, whose life since has been anticlimax. Ron Haddrick is Dave Rubin, an indifferent soldier, now a successful real estate agent.

Ken Wayne plays Jacko, the ex-sergeant, now a garage mechanic, to whom this day is desperately important.

Jerold Wells plays the owner of the hotel where their annual reunion is held. Reg Lye plays a humorous drunk, a cameo part that producer Vivian Daniels described as "a gem of a performance." Alan Tilver, the only English actor in the cast, is Colonel Bailey, the unit "Casanova," who lives on the memory of his reputation.

Madge Ryan, her (real-life) daughter, Lyn Ashley, Ethel Gabriel, Patricia Conolly, and Nyree Dawn Porter are the feminine stars.

● The B.B.C. TV production of "Reunion Day" has been bought by Sydney's Channel 9. It will be televised on Sunday, April 22.



● On the British TV studio set after filming "Reunion Day." Front row (from left) are Frank Leighton, Madge Ryan, Ray Barrett, Lyn Ashley, Ethel Gabriel. Seated behind, Nyree Dawn Porter and Ken Wayne. Back row, from left, Barry Linehan, Vivian Daniels (producer), Ron Haddrick, Patricia Conolly, Peter Yeldham (author), Jerold Wells, Reg Lye.



● The boys are in a gay mood as they gather for their Anzac reunion. But reliving the past becomes increasingly more difficult.



● Dave Rubin (Ron Haddrick) is encouraged by his wife, Judith (Nyree Dawn Porter), to go to one Diggers' reunion a year.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

● New clothes from discards

Practical hints sent in by readers make an invaluable six-page section on how to turn old clothes into new.

Stretch your budget by making:

- Children's woollies from old jumpers and cardigans.
- An adult's sheath dress from a circular skirt.
- Pillowslips from a floral skirt.
- Doll from a man's sock.
- Umbrella cover from a tie.

● Salad garnishes

Give a professional finish to savory platters and salad bowls with attractive garnishes.

● In pace with autumn fashion

Fresh ideas to put you right in the autumn fashion picture — from the basic dress to the accessories that will dominate the cooler-weather scene.

There's a pattern to buy for the dress, also a pattern for a fake-leopard cardigan (at right) and directions for a fringed poncho — two of the season's smartest accessories.



● Australia's young sporting stars

In Teenagers' Weekly: The success story of four young Australians who have become sporting champions — Margaret Smith (tennis), Heather Blundell (squash), Beatrice Hayley (golf), and David Sincrook (cricket).

The girls are in color on the cover; David is the back-page color pin-up.

And, teenagers, if you are wondering about between-season fashions, two pages of color pictures show six new snappy outfits.

● Home and Family

An expert discusses: "Do men lose their tempers more often than women?" Plus a mother's story: "I used to yell at the children."

Significant advance in home refrigeration

Frost Guard

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

by GENERAL ELECTRIC



FROST NEVER FORMS... NOT EVEN IN THE BIG ROLL-OUT FREEZER

The most advanced refrigerator-freezer ever seen in Australia. "Frost Guard" by General Electric. 14 cubic feet of the most beautiful cold-making magic ever. A combination refrigerator-freezer for the discriminating family! Graduate to "Frost Guard". Your present refrigerator can be a substantial part payment.

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Page 16



Your frozen food store glides out before your eyes. All instantly accessible and free of frost. Packages won't freeze together.



Unique "Freeze 'n store" ice cube service. Trays flick over to eject cubes into storage bin. You can store a whole binful of cubes.

14 cubic feet of frostless cold. 10 cubic feet refrigerated storage area has General Electric exclusive swing-out shelves, built-in dairy bar and twin lift-out crispers. Roll-out freezer is 4 cubic feet (capacity up to 115 lbs.).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 31, 1963

ABN plans third historical TV serial

● The new A.B.C.-TV Australian historical serial, as yet unnamed, will with the two previous serials, "Stormy Petrel" and "The Outcasts," complete a trilogy, says producer of all three, Colin Dean.

THE new serial, still being planned, researched, and written by A.B.C.-TV's drama editor, Mr. Phillip Mann, will deal largely with the rise of democracy in the colony.

The serial will cover the period of Governor Darling, from December, 1825, to October, 1831. One of its main characters will be barrister William Charles Wentworth.

Two of Wentworth's big projects were the institution of trial by jury and the establishment of the Legislative Assembly.

"Stormy Petrel"—the story of the Rum Rebellion—was virtually the colony's first revolt against what was thought to be the tyranny of government vested in the person of the Governor himself," producer Dean said.

"The Outcasts" told the story of the emancipists beginning to feel their strength as a group in the community, as distinct from the convicts, and demanding their rights.

"The new serial will complete a trilogy with the story of the beginning of the rise of democracy through the work of Wentworth and others."

Governor Darling's arrival in December, 1825, almost coincided with the arrival back in the colony of W. C. Wentworth. (Wentworth had gone to England to study law and returned a barrister.)

During the serial Went-

worth begins his practice in Sydney, marries local girl Miss Sarah Cox, and settles in Vaucluse House.

From what I heard of the proposed outline of the serial, it will carry on the great interest of its two predecessors.

No one can say at this stage whether the new serial will develop into a major "single episode" drama like "Stormy Petrel" or into something like the historical pageant that "The Outcasts" was.

One thing is certain, though: It will be more richly mounted, show a grander life.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

"Conditions in Sydney town as we have grown to know them in the past two serials had begun to improve quickly," Dean said.

"Life in Darling's day was far more comfortable and, judging by Vaucluse House, it was on a much grander scale."

Talking of the gracious living of the day, Mr. Dean pointed out that the floor of the dining-room at Vaucluse House was covered with tiles imported from Pompeii.

But, although some of the serial is bound to be set in Vaucluse House and outside it on the verandahs and in the gardens, it will be filmed in built sets in the studio, not at Vaucluse House itself.

The interior of the house is now a museum and cannot be disturbed for the vast amount

of equipment that would be needed for filming there; and the century and more that has passed shows in the growth in the gardens, so that it is right out of period.

This must nearly break the hearts of all concerned, for one of the scenes planned is a garden party at Vaucluse House.

Familiar to viewers who watched the other serial will be the old Government House.

Casting the serial has not yet begun, but a historical serial has its own special problems. When casting, Mr. Dean always tries to get someone who bears some physical resemblance to the original character.

With the designer for the serial, Philip Hickie, who has just returned to the A.B.C. after two years with the B.B.C., Mr. Dean has already spent time at Vaucluse House studying furniture, clothes, and portraits.

Governor Darling's picture, Dean says, shows him as a "lean, tall, elegant-looking chap. He has a slightly Napoleonic look and a dimpled chin."

Miss Sarah Cox's picture is hanging there, too, and Dean says she is a "fine, handsome woman."

Work has already begun on the soldiers' uniforms for the production. Regiments in Sydney then were the famous Third Regiment of Foot, known as The Buffs, the 57th, and the Royal Veterans' Corps.

I always find it startling to realise that TV in Aus-

tralia already has its traditions. True to them, the new Australian historical serial will start at 7.30 p.m. on the last Sunday in May—May 27.

Joan Sutherland on Channel 9

TV scoop of the year is Channel 9's presentation of famous singer Joan Sutherland on Friday, January 26, singing an aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Miss Sutherland will sing "Quando Rapito." Her performance is an excerpt from a recent Ed Sullivan show in New York.

Her appearance during the Mobil-Limb Show may seem strange, but it is really most appropriate, for one of Miss Sutherland's first successes was in 1950, when she won the Mobil Quest £1000.

Miss Sutherland's premiere performance on TV in Australia is causing excitement in TV circles.

There have been the closest restrictions previously on the importation of excerpts of American videotapes of live shows made in America.

TV executives are jubilant about the Sutherland release and see it as a hope and precedent for future releases.

The backroom boys on the technical side of TV are excited in a different way—for, for the first time ever, anywhere, an American 525-line videotape has been successfully converted to the Australian 625-line system.



VACLUSE HOUSE, the home of William Charles Wentworth, will figure largely in the new A.B.C.-TV Australian serial. This picture shows a coach more than 130 years old which was restored recently by the staff and students of Sydney Technical College. For the ceremony, students made period costumes for passengers and coachman.

Too much of Ibsen

TWO large helpings from A.B.C.-TV of dramatist Ibsen's plays in two weeks has been too much for me.

One week viewers were treated to "The Wild Duck," in which one of the more normal characters, Grandfather, shot rabbits in the attic.

The next week viewers were subjected to "The Lady From the Sea," a psychological drama made "live" in Melbourne. It was about a young married woman who still carries a torch for a former lover, who she believes is drowned.

In a riot of turgidity there

was the husband (Edward Howell), another man whom the husband believed was also the wife's former lover, a young consumptive who seemed to be making a play for the wife but later settled for one of the daughters. To top it off, the drowned lover arrived out of the sea, undrowned.

The whole thing really had to be seen to be believed. There was so much talk of the sea, people drowning, so much trick photography that didn't come off, that I ended up feeling like a sea creature myself.

I also ended up taking a vow against Ibsen and his works for ever.

'The Bloke' comes to TV

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Famous Australian poet C. J. Dennis, creator of "The Sentimental Bloke," will be the subject of a special half-hour programme to be shown on Channel 2 in all States on Australia Day, Monday, January 29.

THE programme, to be called simply "The Bloke," will be seen at 9 p.m. in New South Wales and Victoria and 8.30 p.m. in other States.

A programme about C. J. Dennis and "The Bloke" is such a natural for Australia Day that the wonder is it hasn't been done before.

ABN2's Talks Director, Kit Denton, who narrates the programme, said: "The programme is about C. J. Dennis himself, not his life—that would be too long, fascinating though it is."

"We are trying to give

impressions of this man as he appeared in the eyes of his friends and collaborators, and are including two of his best-known poems."

For his narration, Kit Denton stands before a cluttered mantelpiece giving an impression of Dennis' study.

The other two sets represent a Melbourne street of the early 1900s and a fascinating replica of an ant-macassar - and - aspidistra-type sitting-room of the same period.

These will be the settings for two poems from "The Songs of the Sentimental Bloke"—"The Intro," where

The Bloke and Doreen first meet, and "Mar," where The Bloke meets his future mother-in-law.

C. J. Dennis was born in Auburn, South Australia, in 1876. He died in 1938.

He spent most of his working life in Melbourne. His first book, "Backblock Ballads," was published in 1913.

"The Songs of the Sentimental Bloke," which followed in 1915, was an immediate success, selling 7000 copies three months after publication. Fifteen months later the Australasian sales reached more than 66,000.

"The Moods of Ginger

Mick," published in 1916, sold 42,000 copies in six months.

Among the speakers in Channel 2's programme will be cartoonist Hal Gye, who illustrated "The Sentimental Bloke"; Alec Chisholm, of Sydney, who knew Dennis well and wrote a biography of him; David Low, famous New Zealand-born cartoonist, who did the cover for Dennis' first book, "Backblock Ballads"; and Poet Laureate John Masefield, who, from his home in Surrey, England, will recall a visit he made to Dennis' home at Toolangi, in the hills outside Melbourne.

FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

★ TEENAGE MILLIONAIRE

As fast as teen millionaire Jimmy Clanton can flip discs (his own recordings included), U.S. rock-n-roll stars spring to visual life in individual color sequences. This line-up of talent will thrill fans—but if you don't dig the rock, stay away. Chubby Checker twists a brief note of topical interest. Clanton and his bodyguard Rocky Graziano fill between-record footage with weak patter. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIMITED.

★ ★ ★

A BATTLE has begun between producers John Brabourne and Charles Schnee over filming the life

of William the Conqueror. Brabourne, who made "Sink the Bismarck" and has just completed the Alec Guinness-Dirk Bogarde film "Mutiny," claims to have £3,000,000 financial backing from five European countries. On the other hand, Hollywood's Schnee—currently filming "Jason and the Golden Fleece"—has a guarantee of £2,000,000 from Columbia, and announced confidently, "We registered our title first, so I wish our rivals luck!" This could well develop into a similar battle that ensued between Peter Finch and Robert Morley in their respective Oscar Wilde films, but in this case Brabourne looks like having it over Schnee in the time factor. His cameras are ready for rolling a year ahead of Hollywood's.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMME

Only Mortein could kill this fly . . .



THIS FLY was tough. Like billions of other flies, he was completely immune to D.D.T. To deal with the disease-carrying flies of to-day you need a spray that will slay the tough-guy flies . . . you need one that will kill the flies that laugh at ordinary sprays. You need **MORTEIN PLUS**.

Mortein Plus will kill **ALL** the flies that invade your home: and that is essential, because **every** fly, without exception, is a dangerous carrier of dirt and disease. You can't afford to use a spray which kills some flies and lets the "tough" ones go scot-free.

Mortein Plus is double-strength. It's the most effective insect spray money can buy. It kills insect pests stone dead. And they **stay** dead. Yet the insect-killing ingredients of Mortein Plus are guaranteed to be **100 times safer** than those of commonplace D.D.T. sprays.

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Swiftly and **SAFELY** kills Flies, Mosquitoes and all Insect Pests

. . . and **IT DOES NOT STAIN.**



THE FASTEST-KILLING
INSECT SPRAY IN
AUSTRALIA—AND THE
SAFEST — CONTAINS
PYRETHRUM ACTIVATED
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Mortein Plus can be sprayed without risk in sick-rooms, around children's toys, in the vicinity of milk or food. It is the **SAFEST** insect spray in Australia as well as the most **EFFECTIVE**.



PLAN FOR PRE-AUTUMN SEWING

● Here to help the budget, and autumn sewing, are four new Paris fashions. All can be made from easy-to-follow patterns.

The patterns are available at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney, or by mail to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



7515: Late-day dress in jersey (right) is slender in the softest way. The design has short sleeves and a diagonal tab trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.



7512: A sure-fire autumn daytime look (right), a two-piece jumper suit, the jumper shaped, the skirt designed with front fullness and pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.



7513: Trim all-purpose suit (right) has an easy short-cut jacket finished with elbow-length uncuffed sleeves. The skirt is slim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.



7514: A soft play of shape is seen in this one-piece dress (right). The design is collarless and finished with a self-tie trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/9.



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This modified easy-fit maternity dress was specially chosen for a young mother-to-be.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Please design for me a basic pattern for a cool sleeveless maternity dress. I take S.S.W. fitting, or rather did before I became pregnant."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated below. The dress has a sleeveless scoop-neck bodice-top; the silhouette widens to the hemline. The

design would look attractive in any type of material.

A pattern is available in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Above the illustration are details. Order according to bust size before pregnancy. Our maternity patterns allow for expansion.

"Is it proper to wear gloves and a hat when watching tennis or cricket?"

You do not need to wear a hat unless you want to for comfort. Gloves, too, are optional.

"I am five feet tall and would like to know the proper length for a slim sheath and a dress with a low flare."

An inch below the kneecap or slightly shorter is approximately the current length of skirts. Full skirts can be shorter than slim ones, which tend to creep up when you sit down. I suggest you make the flared dress kneecap length and the sheath a bit longer.

"Would it be correct to wear deep sapphire-blue and silver brocade in the daytime? If so, please suggest a style for this fabric."

Brocade can be worn around six o'clock and on. For the design I suggest a slim sheath dress and matching jacket or coat, according to the yardage you have. If you decide on the coat ensemble, remember that a dress and matching coat look superb worn together but are by no means inseparable. A brocade coat is a wonderful theatre, dinner, and concert coat—particularly for the not-so-young.

"I'm under the impression that dark clothes and a plain hat are right for church. Is this correct?"

This is not altogether right. It is quite correct to wear a dress in a bright color if not too bare or too conspicuous. A perfect summertime outfit for church would be a simple printed dress and a small hat. The hat can be gay but not too distracting.

"Please advise what style of buttons would be new for a red wool autumn suit. I also want advice about the hat and accessories."

Fasten the jacket of the suit with wool crochet buttons in a matching shade of red. A hat made in the suit fabric, plus nigger-brown gloves, shoes, and handbag, would look new and chic.

New! SUPER LUX LIQUID

**Washes 50% more dishes
CLEANER, FASTER than
anything else can!**

Here's amazing proof!

A normal measure of the next best seller washed this pile.

An equal quantity of New Super Lux Liquid washed all these dishes—over 50% more.



Before an audience of 200 housewives New Super Lux Liquid was tested against the next best selling liquid detergent. Result: New Super Lux Liquid washed over 50% more dishes—cleaner, faster.

One squeeze does the biggest wash-up cleaner, faster than any other liquid, powder or bar soap. (No need for rinsing or wiping either!) You've never had dishes so sparkling clean—with such mildness—Lux Mildness.

AND IT'S LUX MILD ON YOUR HANDS



New white squeeze pack, wonder snip-top cap.



D S 7 4 5 8.
One-piece maternity dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.





The poodle was unconcerned as Roger sprawled on the floor of the train and Susan toppled over him.

An amusing short story

By EDMUND COOPER

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND

I AM a changed man. Once upon a time I used to be, if not exactly a woman-hater, at least one who had raised the state of being a bachelor to that of a fine art. I also disliked dogs—not just particular dogs but any and every kind of dog. But now . . . well, I feel sort of brain-washed, if you know what I mean—only in the nicest possible way. There was no violence—anyway, none worth mentioning—and no calculated sinister plot. In fact, there was only a brief sequence of entirely impossible incidents on the Circle Line.

I imagine that if I wanted to sue London Transport for gross negligence, mental cruelty, or even subtle collaboration with that cheeky little fellow who pops off arrows at the most unsuspecting targets, I might have a case.

Anyway, I'm sort of sunk without trace now, so there's no point in brooding. I intend, however, to record my downfall for the benefit of any other poor bachelor who may be tempted to walk into a trap set by a pink poodle on the Circle Line.

So I suppose I had better begin at the beginning.

My name is Roger Forward (yes, I've heard all the usual jokes about that, thank you) and I am 25 years of age. I work in the city (public relations, ironically enough) and live in a small flat in Kensington.

A long time ago—or so it seems after three ridiculous weeks of the most conventional symptoms—I was a founder member of the League of Defenceless Dog Leathers and a consistent supporter of the Freedom From Women Movement. But I regret to say that I became a moral traitor to both these excellent causes at approximately eleven thirty-five on a Saturday morning just three weeks ago.

The day was an absolute peach. There was bright sunshine and a clear blue sky and all the birds of London seemed to be joining their own Saturday Club on every available tree and rooftop. It was definitely not the kind of day to lounge about in a lonely flat listening to jazz records and playing at "cordon bleu" cookery with frozen food. It was the kind of day that pleads with you to try something new—which is what I set out to do. And that was my fatal mistake.

So there I was, standing on the platform at South Kensington underground station with a ticket for Tower Hill in my pocket and staring idly at a poster that read, "When did you last see your ravens?" There were several other people waiting, too—mostly men with girls and the glazed look of recent or incipient matrimony in their eyes. It made me feel slightly superior, being then under the illusion that I was one of the ones that had successfully got away.

To page 45

Fear was the unwanted guest at the homestead . . . first instalment of our two-part suspense serial set in the outback.

IN the shade of Chinaman Hill's single tree Flora reined in Doonin and turned, frowning, to look down at the homestead. She had the notion—absurd it was, her mind said—that she herself was being watched from Keralji. All the way up the hill there had been a little prickle of unease at the back of her neck, and no amount of argument could rid her of it. It had nothing to do with logic, nothing at all.

A dry, hot wind was blowing hard from the west. It had been behind her as she mounted the hill, but now that she had turned Doonin it struck her full in her face. There was dust and grit in that hard wind, and the blaze of the sun was like flame before the eyes.

Flora put her hand up to brush her hair back. She knew about the dust and grit; soil from the west, Peter Ingleby had said, showing her the tiny particles in the palm of his browned hand. Flora herself, riding Doonin, had crossed ground so fissure-veined it was like a seabed of crazy pavement.

She had seen where the eroded earth had cracked and split into deep ravines where nothing could grow. There was not much of this lost land in Keralji's 15,000 acres, but there was enough to trouble the imagination. She had never visualised that land, land which once supported growth and living things, could actually die. It was frightening, somehow.

Around her all was quiet, the only sound being the whistling rustle of the wind as it flattened the short, tough grass of the hillside and tore at the leaves of the solitary tree. From this tree long ago, Flora had been told, a Chinese had hanged himself when he lost in a single game of fan-tan the money he had saved over 40 years to take him home to China and a young wife. The tree was haunted, people said; no aborigines would go near it; it talked to itself all the time. Today two branches scraped together creakingly a foot above Flora's head, grind-bump, grind-bump, like a door swinging on rusty hinges. There were no birds in the tree.

Doonin became suddenly restless, tossed her head, snorted. Flora calmed her with a touch. "Easy, girl, easy now." She stared down at Keralji, intent, watchful. She could not rid herself of the feeling that something was wrong. It had to do with Keralji, because, riding away from the homestead, she had felt her spirits lift, a tension go out of her.

Then she stopped Doonin on the hill to look back, and there it was once again—the apprehension. It was as if she were waiting for something to happen. The feeling of being watched was only a part of it.

From here on the hill Flora could see all of the homestead. It was like looking down on a relief map. There was no movement there now at this moment, but usually there was some activity going on.

Facing her, directly in line with the tree, was the sprawling, flat-roofed comfortable house with its deep verandahs that was occupied by Keralji's owner, Brian Flaxman, and his family. The homestead had two wings, one comprising the kitchen and staff quarters—Mrs. Mindy's domain, this—the other bookkeeper Mr. Bonney's office and store.

Mr. Bonney would be in there now, adding up his figures and whistling his exasperating, penetrating whistle. Or maybe it was Mr. Bonney who was watching her. Flora quite liked Mr. Bonney, but she was aware she knew very little about him. He kept his opinions to himself.

There was another building in line with

Mr. Bonney's office. It was here that the station men slept at night after stabling their horses in the iron-roofed shed which, in the form of a deep right-angle, completed the squared layout of the station. It was bow-legged Andy who looked after the horses.

Flora knew ship life well, having travelled often between London and New York. It seemed to her that in many ways Keralji was like a ship, in its isolation, in its self-sufficiency, in the fact that everything that happened here was important, no matter who was involved.

Its only link with the world was by two-way radio, and the nearest town, named Pint-Pot, was 80 miles away. Brian Flaxman ruled here as surely as any sea captain his ship, and, like a sea captain, he was an uncommunicative man, living at a little distance, in his mind, from everyone else.

"Lonely?" he had said once, when Flora was new to Keralji. "This isn't lonely, lass; there are worse places than this. Much worse. We have neighbors, and they mean a lot. Then there's Pint-Pot."

He had smiled, for the town did sound ridiculous. Flora liked to see him smile, and she worked at it. His face looked younger and he seemed to advance a step out of himself. "It's the city that's the lonely place," he went on after a moment. "You only realise how lonely when you come back here."

He did not talk about himself, but he had been a distinguished officer in the war; Flora—who was interested in people—had managed to find out that much. Mr. Bonney, who had served under him, still called him "Major."

He had stayed in Europe for a considerable time after the war, and Flora had come to the conclusion that it was something that had happened during that never-mentioned period that formed the key to Flaxman's reserve now. A withering of his youth it was, a positive thing. He had been very gay as a young man, the talkative Mrs. Mindy had said, but he was not gay now.

Had she been married to him, she, Flora, would have done something about this, for making him smile was not enough; but she was not married to him; Carol was, and Carol did absolutely nothing at all.

Carol Flaxman was easily fifteen years younger than her husband. They did not actually quarrel, but there was an estrangement there that went deep. It troubled Flora, this estrangement. She had seen marriages crack and homes break apart, but never before had she lived within the walls of a home while it was breaking up, and the experience was a horrible one. It was impossible not to be conscious of it.

There was, however, nothing she could do about the Flaxmans except bridge the dreadful silences that came between them at night sometimes when the dinner table's small talk was done. Mr. Bonney, deep in one of his Western novels, did not or would not help; he simply sat there until it was time to go to bed. He never obtruded himself, though Flora was sure that his eyes missed nothing that was going on. Once, glancing up suddenly, she had caught him watching her over the top of his book.

When these silences fell, there was just herself and Peter Ingleby to keep the conversation going, and Peter would be leaving in a month or so to take over a station in the Gulf country.

Flora did not like to think what Keralji would be like without Peter there. This was selfish, she knew, because Peter would be furthering his career by going. He was manager at Keralji, but he still had to defer

to Brian Flaxman in his decisions and this irked him. There were times when Peter's view of things was right and Flaxman's wrong, but it was always Flaxman who got his own way.

Flora wondered suddenly, with a slight start, what her forthright employer would say if he saw her sitting on Doonin on top of a hill doing precisely nothing when she should have been on her way out to see the man Matchett at his caravan, and despite herself and the oppression of her mood she chuckled.

Flora was not used to working for a salary, and already she had had several blazing clashes with Flaxman, with Carol an aghast spectator. She did not doubt but that she was indeed the most outlandish governess of children any cattle station had ever known—that was what he had called her once, anyway. Just the same, she was still there.

"Boss likum you," black Lucybelle, the second maid, had said once with her sly smile.

If Lucybelle said a thing was so, then was so; Flora had learned that soon after coming to Keralji. Lucybelle, as silent as her bare feet as a shadow, knew everything that went on at the station; she was a kind of mobile grapevine.

"Come on, Doonin," Flora decided, "we better get on. Why should anyone be watching me? It's too silly."

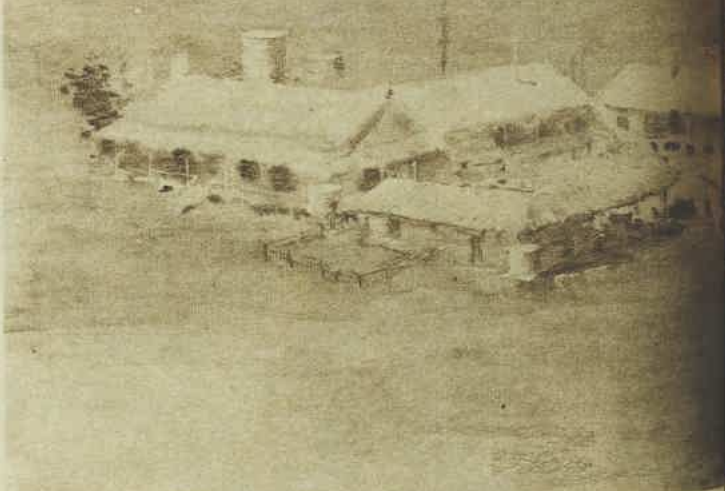
At that moment, however, something did happen at Keralji.

The wire-screened outer door of the kitchen swung back and Lucybelle shot out, running. Behind her followed the cook, Mrs. Mindy. Mrs. Mindy was a broad-shouldered heavy woman, mountainous in a flowered cotton dress that flapped around her thick ankles, but she moved faster than stick-legged Lucybelle. As Flora watched, entranced, Mrs. Mindy seized Lucybelle by the back of her long, carefully corkscrewed black hair and shook her fiercely from side to side, then

DEATH SLEPT HERE

By GWEN DALTON HOOKER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD





Flora stared down at Keralji, intent and watchful, unable to rid herself of the feeling that something was wrong at the house.

whacked her face with a splendid swipe of her free hand. This done, she released her and they stood there facing each other, waving their arms.

As suddenly as it had started it was over and they went back into the kitchen, Mrs. Mindy going first, with her elbows tucked in, Lucybelle following behind, mincing in cheeky mimicry of the cook.

Flora laughed. She turned Doonin and sent the sweet-tempered grey mare cantering down the far side of Chinaman Hill. The wind tugged at her dark red hair, but she did not stop. To ride like this on a good horse in open country with a high sky above was heaven to her mind. She wondered sometimes if she could ever settle into city life again.

"Come on, girl." She knew the way to Mickey Matchett's caravan. Peter had given her detailed instructions earlier that morning. "Head straight for the river," he had said, "then follow it

along and you'll come to the old bore hut. Look left and you'll see the caravan."

The river was not really a river but the bed of one. Flora galloped Doonin fast along its left bank, rejoicing in the mare's splendid movement. There had been no water in the river for six months now, though there were places where it was to be found under the cracked claypans.

The aborigines knew these places, not the white men. In a few days, however, perhaps earlier, there would indeed be water in the river when the floods came down from the north, where the Wet had broken. The whole of life at Keralji was being geared to the filling of the river. Everyone was busy. It was possible there would be rain. For days black clouds had piled on the horizon.

Rain meant life here. Grass would thrust up through the brown earth, real grass, green grass. The cattle would fatten, there would be a new impetus in everyone's movement. The servants at Keralji would be gay again.

They were not quite themselves now—Flora could see that. Mary and Lucybelle, the two maids, were jumpy, and even Mrs. Mindy had worried silences. Not a day went past but that Lucybelle picked a quarrel with Mrs. Mindy. Mary was a placid, reliable girl, but not Lucybelle; Lucybelle had the contrary nature of a cat.

When she returned to Keralji, Flora knew that Lucybelle would be waiting there to pour out the story of the quarrel and the face-slap. Flora, however, was on Mrs. Mindy's side all the way. Mrs. Mindy was almost white, and she behaved in a conscientiously ladylike way most of the time, except when she lost her temper. Lucybelle knew this and she took a malicious delight in making her lose her temper. Lucybelle was a pure-blood and she despised castes; as

she called them, almost spitting out the word and glancing slantwise at Mrs. Mindy. The subject was tinder in the kitchen.

Everyone complained about Lucybelle. She was a lazy, troublesome girl, whose mind was chiefly concerned with other people's love affairs, though just lately she had worked up one of her own. Two days before she had scratched at Flora's elbow and pointed out to the kitchen-garden fence, where an aboriginal was loitering like an embarrassed black stone statue under the bright sun. "Him my man," she had said, and Flora, though surprised, had believed her.

Lucybelle was everything that a house servant should not be, but the children, Andrew and Jane, adored her because she told them

To page 47

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



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for
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LETTER BOX

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Mother comes first

HOW many wives have to face the fact, some time in life, that there's another woman in the husband's life — his mother? If only wives could be confident of their husbands' undivided love, there would be many more happy homes. Mothers seem to get all the respect, while wives just bear the brunt. How I envy women who marry orphans!

£1/1/- to "Wife" (name supplied), East Balmain, N.S.W.

Latin as a school subject

MANY of our children with high I.Q.s. will be urged to take Latin now they're enrolling in high school. Parents should be on the alert and have some say in the matter. After all, Latin is a dead language. I doubt whether many of the students taking two languages could name the capital cities of Europe, and this is an age when the jet has brought them within three days of us!

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

Three-year-old axeman

HAS anyone else a just-three-year-old brother who is already an efficient woodcutter? Using a full-size axe, my little brother chops a pile of wood almost as quickly as an adult. If small pieces of wood fly off, he exclaims "Bother, kindling," then tosses the piece into a separate pile.

£1/1/- to "Proud Sister" (name supplied), Denmark, W.A.

Duty versus conscience

I WAS unfortunate enough recently to witness two acts of shoplifting. The first was by a young woman who pocketed several articles while brazenly requesting a discount on another shopsoiled item. The second was by an elderly woman stealing soap and toothpaste. Prompted by police criticism of witnesses who "don't want to become involved," I reported the first incident. My husband considered I had done right, but my parents were annoyed at my becoming involved. Later, feeling like a branded informer, I ignored the second episode.

£1/1/- to "Shamefaced Citizen" (name supplied), W.A.

Multilingual budgie

I HAVE a little budgerigar who is an excellent talker, whistler, and performer. He says "I am a beautiful bird" in French, Latin, German, and English. His latest achievement is the opening lines of Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Sick Stockrider."

£1/1/- to "Proud Mistress" (name supplied), Hornsby, N.S.W.

Wedding pranks

PRACTICAL jokers should heed the opinions of "Family Friend" (N.S.W.), who claims it's inconsiderate, ill-mannered, and childish to play jokes on newlyweds. On the first night of our honeymoon, my husband and I were dismayed when a shower of confetti fell from our cases. It was everywhere. Even though we spent hours removing it from our clothes, odd pieces kept appearing out of trouser cuffs, under collars, amusing our fellow hotel guests.

£1/1/- to "Mortified" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

I AGREE practical jokes are often embarrassing, but I had to join in the laughter on seeing a huge stick, complete with babe in napkin, protruding from a newlywed couple's chimney. It was a week before they discovered the reason for the hilarity of the passers-by.

£1/1/- to "Joker" (name supplied), Collic, W.A.

ALTHOUGH slightly embarrassed, I was proud to see "Just Married" on our car and to hear the stones in our hubcaps. I would have been disappointed otherwise.

£1/1/- to "Newlywed" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

I AGREE practical jokes are in poor taste and I would place the suggestive telegrams so often sent to a bride and groom on a par with them. There's seldom time to censor the wires and the offending words are usually spoken before the reader realises the significance. There is embarrassment all round.

£1/1/- to "Matron of Honor" (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

MY husband and I really enjoyed the jokes played on us on our wedding day. Not only did they keep our guests happy, but they helped relieve our natural feeling of tension.

£1/1/- to "Take A Joke" (name supplied), Cribb Island, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

I JUST saw a memorable sight — the Hinklers leaving for their holidays.

A pram was strapped on the roof of their small car. Most of the back seat was occupied by their baby, Harriet, in her bassinet.

The other three children and the luggage were bulging out of the windows and the boot.

They were bound for a place 300 miles away, and I took my hat off to them.

You have to admire the sheer cold courage of people who undertake long holiday trips with a young baby.

In the rapture that accompanies the arrival of a baby in good order and condition, nobody thinks ahead and says: "My word, this is going to make holidays difficult!" But they soon find out.

Few kinds of luggage are such a nuisance as a pram. The only thing worse that occurs to my mind is a double-bass viol in a case. (I learned this during the war when I was put in charge of the transport of some orchestral instruments in a truck. The cases containing the double basses were like coffins. But very few people take a double bass on their holidays.)

The designers of motor cars have

HOLIDAY WITH STRINGS

given very little thought to the stowage of bassinets, too. They claim that their cars will carry six persons, or seven dwarfs. But they never say how many can get in when there is a baby in a bassinet in the back seat.

The feeding of a bottle baby on a long journey is another problem. Mothers who use the old-fashioned



inbuilt food supply score heavily in these circumstances.

There was a time, long ago, when mothers who went on a holiday with a young family, including a baby, often took with them a teenage girl called a "mother's help."

These mothers' helps were sometimes very helpful; though not always.

When I was a small boy we went to a seaside place with a mother's help named Sylvia. She was very pretty, which did not make for efficiency in a mother's help.

The first day we were there boys on the beach began calling out "Syl!" and we saw very little of her after that. My mother had to rely on self-help.

That is what mothers do now, because mothers' helps are extinct.

One often sees in the papers interviews with people who have travelled through Siberia on a motor-scooter, or something like that. I would like to see interviews with people who have been from, say, Sydney to Murwillumbah with a baby. Like this:

"Mrs. Simkins said: 'The toughest part was when the pram fell off the roof near Kempsey. Beryl, that's my second daughter, dropped two of the baby's bottles and broke them at the same time. But we kept our chins up and battled on.'"

One reason this subject is on my mind is that soon we are going on our holidays, with a baby of 18 months, and carrying a stroller and a special kind of chair. It's going to be strenuous. And yet — it would be less fun without her.

JENNY laid her hand lovingly on the pile of mauve chiffon on the workroom table; a smile played round her immature young mouth.

"Fancy having a wedding and all these lovely clothes. I wonder," she said wistfully, "if Madam will give us time off to go to the church and watch; I am sure Miss Halliwell will look marvellous, and they say that the bridegroom is terribly handsome."

"Well," said Myra, busily brushing off the cottons that clung to her dark overall, "believe me, I'm going, whatever happens, even if it means a bad bilious attack to do it. Having worked on those ten bridesmaids' dresses till, believe me, I see them in my sleep, I insist on seeing them march down the aisle."

The other girls laughed as they arranged the ten dresses in the various shades of anemones on padded hangers.

Suddenly the workroom door flew open and the head showroom girl, Pamela, stood in the doorway. She was tall and haughty and always called, behind her back, the "Archduchess."

"Miss Halliwell and her bridesmaids are here," she said, "to try on the dresses, so bring them to the fitting-rooms, girls." Then she looked them over carefully. "Is anyone five foot two in height?" she asked, with the same tone that she might have asked if any of her less fortunate fellow-workers had a squint. To the Archduchess anyone below the height of five foot six was a dwarf.

"I am," admitted Jenny, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"Then come with me," the tall girl commanded. "One of the second pair of bridesmaids is not well. Miss Halliwell has asked for a stand-in so that the effect of the procession won't be marred."

She hurried the protesting Jenny out of the room and into a cubicle, where she was instructed to dress herself in one of the deep mauve dresses and given the tiny velvet hat that matched it. Jenny's fingers shook, but she managed to get herself dressed, and she could hardly recognise the lovely young girl that looked at her from the mirror.

Still trembling, she went into the large fitting-room, where Madam, assisted by the Archduchess, helped the nine chattering girls into their dresses. Miss Halliwell, the bride, stood with her mother on the outskirts of the small crowd, nodding her approval; she was a lovely girl, one of the beauties of the season, and her wedding was a big social event.

Madam had rubbed her hands with glee when the order for the dresses arrived. It was a wonderful advertisement for her, particularly as Joy Halliwell had chosen such a spectacular procession to follow her own white lace creation.

That night Jenny sat on the floor of the small bedroom that she shared with her cousin and told her all about it. Peggy loved to hear all the news of the workrooms, for she was tied by ill-health to the house.

"Oh, Peg," sighed Jenny. "Fancy having a wedding like that. Can you imagine?"

Peggy smiled. She loved Jenny dearly. "You will one day, Jenny, you are so pretty."

"Well, I am sure I don't know how," answered Jenny, putting her fingers through her hair. "I never seem to ever meet a man at all. I never have the money to go anywhere."

"You will one day—perhaps some holiday camp or something."

"I doubt it, Peg. I also look like a scared rabbit on holiday and there are certainly no males around Madam's domain, but," her eyes grew soft, "I looked quite different in that dress, and when I was walking in line with the others I pretended it was my own dress and that the bridegroom was waiting for me at the altar."

The telephone shrilled in the hall below. Neither girl moved. No doubt one of the lodgers was wanted. Then

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Sitting on the carpet Jenny thought regretfully of the beautiful dress she had worn.

ILLUSTRATED BY ASTRA

THE TENTH BRIDESMAID

By MAVIS HEATH-MILLER

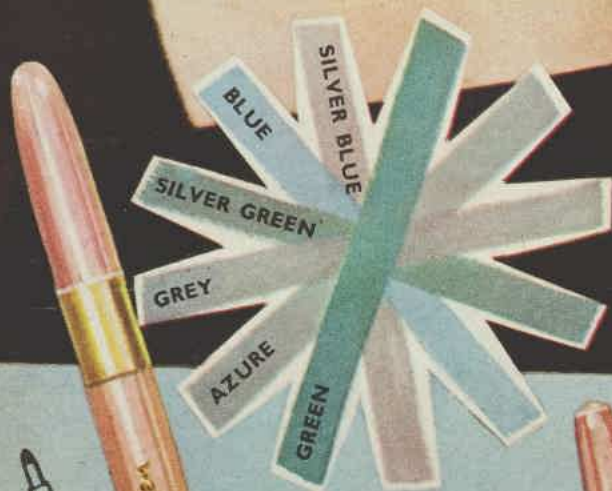
For a few brief hours she found herself in a glamorous and sophisticated world far beyond her wildest dreams

... a romantic short story

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Tube Mascara,
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Six fabulous
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WOOLWORTHS

In spite of numerous obstacles he was determined to win her hand in marriage

THE BACHELOR'S WOOING

A short story

By MAUREEN LUSON



Henry looked aghast as the young man enfolded the pretty salesgirl in a warm embrace.

HENRY BARLOW BASSETT, whose great brain had conceived and brought into being Madam's Mind (The Store That Is All Things To All Women), sat alone in his office. "On no account am I to be disturbed," he had told Miss Cotton, his personal secretary; "I have a most important situation to review."

Henry paced the thick, charcoal-grey carpet. He stood by the picture-window, observing the ant-people and beetle-traffic far below. He sat down at his desk. He rubbed his chin, tapped his fingertips together. He picked up his pen and drew the memo-pad nearer.

The minutes ticked by and Miss Cotton, stalling callers and taking telephone messages, sighed impatiently. She wondered what possible situation concerning Madam's Mind could entail so much reviewing; it could, she decided, be nothing less than the creation of a revolutionary new department.

Henry, still holding the pen, was smiling dreamily. He was far away from Madam's Mind—thirty miles away, to be exact. He had turned the situation under review upside down and

round and round, and still he had reached no conclusion. Then he looked down at the memo-pad and, with a shock, realised that he had been doodling.

"Henry loves Barbara," he had written, all unawares, and, beneath, "Barbara loves?"

He drew a deep breath of relief. The situation was summed up in a nutshell. Possible and probable complications could be considered later, but now his immediate course of action was crystal clear. He summoned Miss Cotton: "Cancel my appointments for today, Miss Cotton. I have to go out. On—ah—urgent private business."

Miss Cotton's eyebrows, outraged, almost met her hairline. Never during fifteen years of devoted service had her boss admitted to having any business other than Madam's Mind. She closed the door with unwonted and offended firmness.

Henry, grinning, tore the doodled sheet off the memo-pad and stuffed it into his breast pocket. He straightened his tie and took his hat from its peg: "Henry loves Barbara," said Henry to the hat. "Good. Barbara loves—point of interrogation. The answer could be Henry, and must be confirmed without delay."

Twenty minutes later his sleek and shining pale grey whale of a car was swimming swiftly along the road to the small seaside resort of Marinella, thirty miles away. Barbara lived in Marinella, and so Henry knew the road well; he stared at it solemnly, and thought, "you are the veriest amateur in these matters. The simplest way will be to ask her without any preamble to marry you!"

For Henry, who had built up the profitable and highly selective organisation of Madam's Mind to cater for the fashions, foibles, and finicalities beloved of women, had never asked a woman to marry him; in fact, he had been in love only once before.

The girl, Valda, had been a sultry belle in a navy-blue tunic; she had vowed eternal fealty to Henry over a double spider, and she had been faithful to him for precisely one week. After that she had bestowed her schoolcase and her favors on another, whose pocket-money, unlike Henry's pittance, was able to supply her every day with the sweetest of sustenance.

It had been Valda who had inspired Henry to turn all his energies in the direction of a business career in which he would make a lot of money; but Valda had also laid the foundation of the wall of resistance he had raised against beautiful girls—girls such as Madam's Mind employed in dozens and drew to its counters in thousands. He had remained, imperviously, a bachelor.

But Barbara was neither beautiful nor a girl. She fascinated Henry because, while making no effort to appear anything but middle-aged, she radiated a charm peculiarly her own. She was supremely content in her own small world and, while she always expressed delight in his company and told him how nice he was, there seemed to be no one to whom

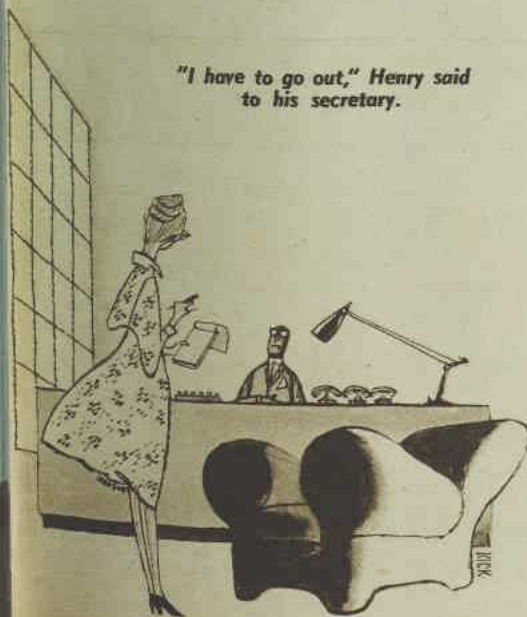
she didn't feel the same way; everyone, according to Barbara, was "nice."

Henry had for the past few weeks been basking in a rosy happiness without contemplating the future beyond his next meeting with her. But now that his subconscious had informed him, via the doodling, that he was in love, things were different. He had to find out, not delaying another day, another hour, the answer to the question "Barbara loves?"

As for the complications—well, there was the obvious one. How could he carry on if Barbara were to refuse him? Would she consent to their continuing to meet? After all, they were two sensible, mature people—or was he, Henry, sensible? No one, thought Henry gloomily, could be considered sensible once he was in love. He hastily dismissed the horrid possibility of being refused and concentrated on the other complication.

To page 40

"I have to go out," Henry said to his secretary.



"Oh, I'm sorry," Barbara cried as Henry overbalanced and fell into the vegetable garden.

2

delicious ways
to dress a meal



A tasty taste for barbeques

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tbsp. Keen's mustard • 1 cup salad oil •
2 tbsps. sugar • 1 tbsp. grated onion •
½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tbsp. chopped green
pepper (optional) • ½ can condensed tomato soup
• ¼ tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle.
Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let
stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add Holbrook's vinegar and
soup. Cover tightly and shake well until blended
and thick. A mouth-watering addition to any meal
... indoors or out.

A Zesty lift for salads

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tbsp. Keen's mustard • 1½ cups milk •
3 tbsps. sugar • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar
• 4 tbsps. flour • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. salt
• 2 tbsps. butter • few grains of cayenne

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler,
slowly add Holbrook's vinegar and eggs
(beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until
thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove
from heat and add the butter.



Give every meal
man appeal
with **KEEN'S
MUSTARD**



WATERFRONT

● Situated at Point Piper, on the foreshores of Sydney Harbor, is the modern and unusual home of Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Rose. Its interesting design strongly reflects the Oriental influence, and the interior combines wood, glass, and brick. The designer was Mr. Adrian Snodgrass, of Frank Fox and Associates.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



RED tiles pave swimming-pool area (above) and are repeated on all decks around the house. White ceramic tiles line the pool.



MASTER BEDROOM (right) has adjacent bathroom and study. Shower behind the brick column is lined with gold and white flecked tiles.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

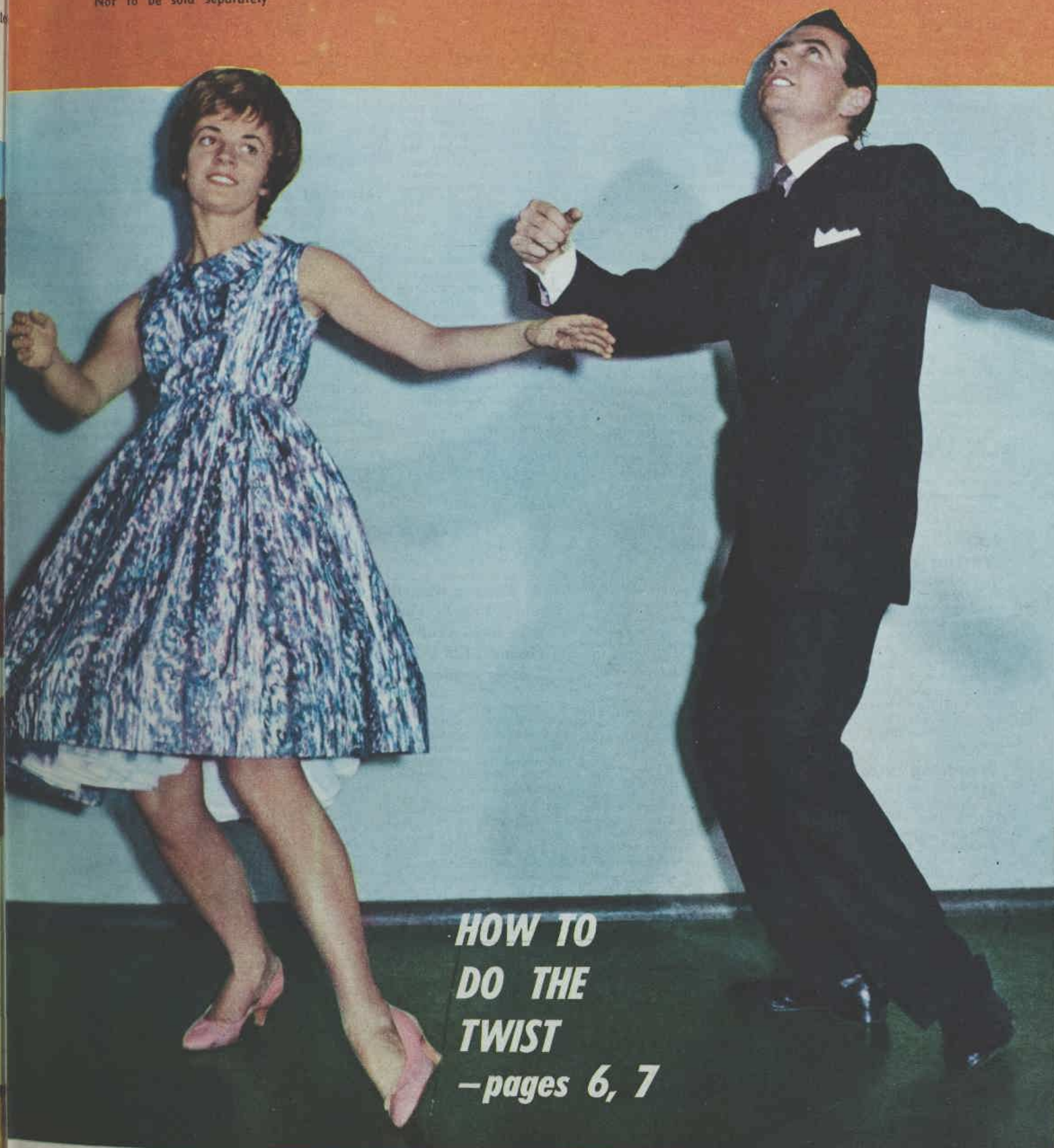
January 31, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**HOW TO
DO THE
TWIST**
—pages 6, 7

color to complement the red wood.

LETTERS

Louder voice of the people

EACH Federal election day in Australia, hundreds of people cast informal votes, simply because they do not know how to fill in the voting paper. Many others blindly follow party "lines" because they do not know any other way.

Wouldn't it be much better if one period a week at school was devoted to politics? This would give the citizens of tomorrow a broader idea of how the different parties run the country, and how to vote, and they could vote how they wanted, and Australia could truly be called a democratic country, governed by the people for the people.

What do other teenagers think? — "How About It?" Gerald-ton, W.A.

Fiance finance

DOES a girl expect too much from a boy while "going steady," and when one day in the future they plan to marry? Expensive outings deplete an average lad's earnings, and regular saving for the future becomes difficult.

As he is expected by both families to save for married life, should the young couple try to limit their expenses, and will the girl understand and be satisfied with this restricted social life? — "Wondering," Adelaide.

Native sportsmen

I AGREE with A. Lucas (T.W. 6/12/61) that aborigines should represent Australia in the Olympic Games. If negroes can represent the U.S.A. and Maoris represent New Zealand, why shouldn't aborigines represent Australia? After all, aborigines are Australia's natives, and if they could help Australia to win titles, then they should be given that chance. — "Albert," Rooty Hill, N.S.W.

Working mothers

MANY people are ready to criticise the working mother, but too often they don't consider the reasons why some mothers have to work. Teenagers who have working mothers should also look at their mothers' problems. You may have been, without realising it, criticising your home to such a degree that your mother decides to go out to work to help furnish your home so that you are not ashamed of it.

Instead of criticising these wonderful mothers, we should thank them. For without their help our homes would not be the lovely places they are today.

It cannot be easy for a mother to leave her home circle and go back to work after many years away from it. — Merle Espler, Forest Hill, Vic.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Outdoor fun

RECENTLY 30 girls from the Leaving class of our school, with two young members of the staff, went for a hiking weekend to Wilson's Promontory. We carried all our food, clothes, tent, and sleeping-bags on our backs, and hiked 35 miles altogether.

We thoroughly enjoyed this outdoor weekend. Other schools with city-dwelling pupils should follow this idea, as it is a wonderful change from city life. — "Hiker," Glen Iris, Vic.

Forced studies

MANY parents want their children to have a complete education, including ballet, music, and singing. However, often the child does not like these subjects, and, as he is not interested, feels that they are the most boring and hateful part of the week. I think that it is not

only a waste of money and exceedingly stupid, but also that to force a child to take these lessons is being very unfair. A child can get such a lot from lessons that he likes, but taking extra lessons that he hates can make him dislike the art for the rest of his life. — Diana Marn, Caulfield South, Vic.

To the point

WHY must girls wear high-heeled shoes to dances? My brother wore a brand-new pair of shoes to a school dance, and came home with a great crease on one of them, where some girl had trodden on it. Please, girls, be a little more considerate, as shoes are rather expensive. — "Have a Heart," Nambour, Qld.

Useful job

I HAVE recently begun training as a psychiatric nurse and have been surprised at the different concept of life it has given me. After the ordinary office job I held, the knowledge that I am helping to rehabilitate these mentally ill people gives meaning to my own life.

The companionship given so willingly by all the nurses to their patients is accepted and reciprocated. We are learning a great deal, particularly about relationships with our fellow men. — Ingrid Fedasz, Kenmore, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



Aims of youth

"ANGRY MISS" (T.W. 6/12/61) is herself one of the "gullible and childish" teenagers she abhors. Has she not heard of the overcrowded universities or the thousands attending teachers' colleges? Or even of the silent multitude who leave school after Intermediate and are now trying to earn that elusive Leaving Certificate during their free time?

Are these young people "dull, selfish, immature"? Surely the youth in Communist countries are not the only ones to have a "definite aim in life." — (Mrs.) Mary Coulstock, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Next week

IMPRESSED by the young girls and boys who become stars of sport? Well, next week we tell the success stories of four great Australian "sports" — champions Margaret Smith (tennis), Heather Blundell (squash), Beatrice Hayley (golf), and David Sincock (cricket). The girls are pictured in color on the cover, and there's a back-page color pin-up of David. ALSO, there are two pages of fascinating new fashions and a study of how and why many Australians are marrying at tender ages.

HERE'S THE "SCORE" ON MUSIC

WHY are 90 per cent. of today's teenagers so gullible in regard to music? Jazz and the classics are ignored or considered "square" by the many Rock enthusiasts. Their hit parades are filled with rubbish. Because disc jockeys continue to plug this tripe, Bach's fugues and Beethoven's symphonies are ignored and such famous jazz musicians as Miles Davis, Thelonius Monk, and Gerry Mulligan are unheard of by most teenagers. The majority of rock-n-roll songs comprise unsyncopated and monotonous rhythm, discordant melody, and ridiculous lyrics. It therefore remains a mystery as to why such songs are even tolerated, let alone enjoyed so much. — D. E. Grieve, Mitcham, S.A.

I DISAGREE wholeheartedly with the statement that rock-n-roll has declined during the past few years. I declare that Rock has greatly improved. The beat has relaxed a bit, but so has the dance. The music now accompanies a better and slower jive. The singing, too, has vastly improved. Instead of screaming out songs like "Shout," Johnny O'Keefe now sings "Right Now" and "I'm

● Patricia Glanville, Leichhardt, N.S.W., and J. Lennie, Vacluse, N.S.W., both said that rock-n-roll had lost its beat and its charm (T.W., 27/12/61). Here is what other readers think about music . . .

Counting On You," which are good for dancing and listening. The moaning, groaning trash is heard at times, but is soon eliminated from the hit charts. — "Don't Knock The Rock," East Kew, Vic.

IT is good to see someone beginning to discover real music. The logical steps to musical maturity are first of all the hi-fi rubbish that misguides most teenagers, swayed by greasy hair and tight pants. Second on the stairway is the carefree relaxing music of Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, or Ella Fitzgerald, or love of classical music may also appear. The final peak is reached when jazz is found, either the modern type or the "trad" or Dixie type. Jazz comes straight from the soul of the artist. — "Brubeck for Senate," South Perth, W.A.

A FEW months ago a friend and I formed a "Platter Club," to promote among our

members a deeper interest and a wider knowledge of all types of music—from Beethoven to Debussy; from Dave Brubeck to Rodgers and Hammerstein. Recently we aroused the interest of an owner of a private record library, who has placed this at our disposal. We charge a weekly fee of 3d. and use the funds for needles, etc. Our membership is now 46, and the club provides leisure, information, and enjoyment for all. — "Platter-puss," The Entrance, N.S.W.

IT is about time we realised that the days when the Rock singers bent in all directions and delivered strings of indistinguishable words, accompanied by rowdy drums, are in the past. Now, the pop singers, even the once-noisy Elvis Presley, have slowed down their tunes considerably, and their voices sound more mature. We can sing along with them, for the words can

be understood. The singers in Australia, especially, are very docile compared with the American rockers some years ago. — Christine Noyce, Port Lincoln, S.A.

IT is about time radio stations catered more for the jazz enthusiast. Jazz has a large number of followers in Melbourne, and interest in it is greatly increasing. However, to listen to a jazz programme on the radio, we have to wait until about 10.30 p.m. Also, there are very few jazz programmes to be heard. Be all that the stations seem to be able to play most of the time is Rock music, which could be cut down a great deal. — "Traditional," Croydon, Vic.

I AM pleased to see that J. Lennie has realised the value of music. For many years I have defended it against rock-n-roll fans, and received much abuse for my trouble. Many teenagers follow the crowds and neglect orchestral works, opera, and the classics in general. It would be extremely pleasant to discover that there have been some "converts" regarding musical tastes. — J. Hanan, Toowoong, Qld.

She sells Australia to Australians

By Mildred Eden

● During an average working week a young Brisbane businessgirl covers hundreds of miles of country in southern Queensland, and her "office" is anywhere from Brisbane to Rockhampton.

SHE is Judy Kenny, tours-and-travel adviser for Queensland Air Lines.

"Often I start the day in Brisbane, fly to Bundaberg and Gladstone, and am back in town again by 5.30 p.m.," she said. "I am always amazed at being able to go so far in such a short time."

Judy, the 20-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kenny, of Ipswich, has travelled farther afield than her own State. In 1960 she won a local R.S.L.-sponsored quest for the "Girl in a Million" and part of her prize was a round-the-world trip.

"I was a teacher then," she said, "but travelling must have been in my blood. When I came back I took this job of travel adviser, and I love every minute of it."

Judy is closely connected with Queensland Air Lines' newly formed Travel Club, through which the company hopes to extend its service to country areas throughout the State.

Disadvantage

"People in outback areas are at a disadvantage when it comes to planning a holiday," said Judy. "In the city everything from buying tickets to arranging accommodation is done by the travel office, but these services are not easily available to country people."

"When I was overseas I found, as most Australian travellers do, that very little is known about Australia. Americans, particularly, have no idea of the marvellous tourist attractions here."

"But though there is a great need to sell Australia to overseas tourists, I think there is just as great a need to sell Australia to Australians."

And Judy is doing just that. Apart from advising clients on the best places to visit and the most convenient ways to get there, Judy also receives many requests to arrange for travelling companions, and often it is possible to make up a party of people who would otherwise be travelling alone.

Another part of her work has been to arrange for country residents to fly to Brisbane to see the current musical production "My Fair Lady."

Her busy life does not leave much time for hobbies.

"My favorite pastime is flying," she said. "One day I hope to take lessons for a pilot's licence."

Packing expert

Judy, who shares a flat with a friend in Brisbane, finds that housekeeping takes a lot of time at weekends, but whenever possible she likes to play tennis and swim.

"I went water-skiing once — and stayed upright, too — but I haven't had time to repeat the performance," she said.

So much travelling has made Judy an expert in packing. Nearly all her clothes are made in non-crushing, quick-dry materials, so that she can step from the plane in Charleville looking as neat on arrival as she would at her Brisbane office.

Judy's big hope is to see more Australians touring and appreciating their own beautiful country.

Whenever she is asked to name the most thrilling moment of her overseas trip, the answer is always the same: "Landing back in Australia — it's the best country of them all."



THE PERRETT BROTHERS, Trevor (left) and Glen, on their family property, Mount Hope Stud. The Poll Herefords are part of their famous herd.

Boys breed cattle, fowls

● You'll never find young Trevor and Glen Perrett's beef or poultry anywhere near the dining-table. No, sir! The stock these brothers breed is strictly for the stud book.

POLL HEREFORD cattle are their main interest and livelihood. Prize fowls are their hobby.

Trevor, 19, and Glen, 16, live with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Perrett, at Mount Hope Stud, near Kingaroy, Queensland. It's a 5000-acre property which was selected by their grandfather in the 1890s.

Trevor and Glen are carrying on the family tradition with no envy for the "city slicker."

They like an occasional visit to Brisbane to exhibit their prize stock, but farming gives them a full and satisfying life.

Long hours

"We work long hours, but by co-operating with each other we can find time for leisure," Trevor said.

"We have 160 head of registered Poll Herefords. Twelve years ago Glen and I decided to breed show fowls and have been interested ever since."

"We now have 200 fowls,

including most of the popular breeds of large fowl and bantams.

"At present we're concentrating mostly on Australorp, Rhode Island Red, Plymouth Rock, Chinese Langshan, White Leghorn, Pit Game, and Old English Game."

£20 for a bird

"In the bantam class the most favored breeds are White Wyandotte, Pekin, and Rosecomb."

"We pay up to £20 for a good breeding bird and have sold birds for the same price."

"We've exhibited our fowls and Herefords at many shows and won quite a few grand championships as well as lots of trophies."

"We like to win a prize now and then because it shows our standard is not slipping."

"The interest of this type of work and the urge to produce something better make up for the long hours of work."

Mount Hope also produces beef cattle, but the boys devote themselves mainly to the stud.



JUDY KENNY at work in her Brisbane office, where she answers hundreds of inquiries from people who are planning holidays, but much of her work involves flying.

● You're all ready to go, dressed in your prettiest frock, hair shining, and make-up perfect — then suddenly you have the most horrible doubts.

More to blind dates than meets the eye

AFTER all, you think feverishly, you don't even know the boy. It's a blind date.

But it's too late to back out. There's a knock on the door and you walk cautiously toward it. Will he be tall, short, fantastic, or a weed?

But it's all in the game. Blind dates can be terrific fun.

He probably knows as little about you as you do about him. There's all the excitement of getting to know someone new, finding common interests, mutual friends, and exchanging ideas.

Mixed results

You may have a wonderful time, laughing and talking like old friends.

Or perhaps he's terrible—insignificant, a pill with no clues at all. So you write it off as an unfortunate experi-

ence—but don't forget it is experience.

And it's experience in dealing with difficult and different situations that's going to help you to be right when you finally choose the Man You Marry.

You can have some awkward and wonderful experiences with this blind-dating business, as I found out talking to girlfriends.

Kathy, a 19-year-old, 5ft. 10in. blonde, went on a blind date with a girl-friend and two boys.

Her partner turned out to be five feet nothing! "And to make it worse, he was a terribly cheeky little thing. I had a horrible time," she said.

Pretty, dark-haired Jennifer had another tale of woe. "I got stuck with an awful gunk, and talked myself silly trying to make him say something," she wailed.

But Diana had an entirely different story. "I don't sup-

pose you could really call it a blind date," she said. "A married couple asked us both to dinner, to meet each other, and we had a fabulous time. We got on awfully well, and we've been good friends ever since."

And Pat, another 19-year-old, came dreamily into the office the other morning: "I'm in love, I'm in love with the most

but he must be reasonably well known to a reliable friend.

Say your girl-friend rings up to say that she and her boy-friend had planned to go to a party but her boy-friend has a cousin staying with him and would you like to make up a foursome?

Well, that's perfectly okay, and chances are he's a nice boy.

But you shouldn't go out with a boy who has just rung you up because he has heard your name mentioned.

Next you should find out all you can about him. That means his interests, job, likes and dislikes, and general outlook.

Thirdly, don't go out with the boy alone. It's likely to be far happier if you can make up a group of four or six, preferably people who know both you and the boy.

If possible, let your parents meet him when he calls for

you. Mum and Dad are pretty good at snap judgments on young men—through long experience—and they'll know whether you need a strict referee for your own sake or whether he can be trusted.

Approach counts

And above all—don't panic! there's nothing to say. Be quite open with him. Ask him blatantly about his job, or his hobbies, or favorite musicians; that'll soon get him talking.

It's all just luck and the way you approach the date.

Most girls seem to agree that blind dates can be awfully boring, but on the other hand they say that you just never know whom you might meet that way.

"It's better to go out with a boy you don't know than to sit at home doing nothing," they say. And perhaps they're right.

By

PENNY FORD

divine boy in the world. He's tall, dark, and handsome, and terrific fun. I met him on a blind date on Saturday night."

Of course there's more to a blind date than meets the eye. There are several things you can do to make sure you don't take too many risks.

The first is—don't go out with a complete stranger. You may not know him personally,

Two looks at love

By PEG *

* The author, for obvious reasons, wishes to remain anonymous.

THAT'S how I felt. I've just recovered, although for two months I was convinced I could never be happy again.

I brooded tearfully round the house, seeing the years and years stretching ahead and making my life and everyone else's miserable.

Peter and I had been going steady for nearly two years, which is a big chunk out of anyone's life. We'd been blissfully happy, planning marriage, a trip overseas... Togetherness, they call it.

But, like all good things, it had to end. He wanted more freedom to see his friends, I became possessive and a bit bossy... we were only 19, but we were settled in a little rut worse than any married couple.

"Alone, hurt"

Peter made the first move, told me firmly that he didn't want to be tied to me any longer, he felt too young to settle down.

I was completely shaken, but there wasn't a thing I could do about it. I was just alone and horribly hurt.

I was completely out of touch with other boys—and

girls, for that matter. I'd let all my schoolfriends slide; there just wasn't room for them and Peter.

For two months I didn't do a thing. I sat at home waiting for Peter to ring. He didn't. I waited for something to happen. It didn't either.

But one of the girls in the office took pity on me. She must have been awfully tired

had known me when I'd been going steady with Peter.

Now I feel free. And happier than I have been for months. Naturally, at first I missed that comforting feeling of always having Peter around, and being able to depend on him to take me wherever I wanted to go.

But there's usually someone else to take me to a party. And if there's not, I can always

friends, without making more of it than they want.

● To keep in touch with girlfriends.

● Not to discuss my dates with the girls, because it always gets back and frightens off the boys.

● Not to talk directly about my dates with other boys. It might make them jealous, but it sounds remarkably like boasting.

● So you're not going steady? You've been let down, or you and your steady have drifted apart? You feel miserable, lonely and unloved.

Don't despair when you lose a "steady"

of my long face and periodic crying bouts, because she arranged a date for me with a boy she'd known for years.

Reluctantly I went along, knowing I'd be bored, bad company. But the effort of talking to the boy, Noel, made me forget myself, and I had a wonderful time. For the first time in weeks I stopped wallowing in self-pity.

Noel took me out again. And, slowly, so did others, boys who

arrange to go with a girl-friend, or another couple. You never know whom you'll meet if you're unattached.

I suppose some time I'll meet someone else I want to go steady with, but I hope it's not for a while yet. At present I'm a firm believer in going out with as many boys as possible, and just having fun and learning how to treat dates.

I've learnt:

● To treat boys as good

● To appear not to care if they mention taking out other girls. They're only using the same tactics.

● Not to be too selective. Unless there's a positive reason for disliking a boy, I'll go out with him at least once.

● Not to expect them to ring or give up all their evenings.

● To be genuinely pleased when they do. And they do.

● To be completely natural, and not put on any acts.

● To take care with my appearance, but not to overdo.

● Not to expect boys to spend a "fortune" on me each date.

● To be appreciative of the little things boys do for you.

● Not to be available every time one boy rings. A little bit "hard-to-get" works wonders. I won't, however, overdo this.

● To flirt a little with boys at parties.

● Not to let myself be taken for granted.

● To live in the present.

It's good to be young, and even better NOT to go steady. Try it and see!



YOU can be left—but NOT lamenting

By Freda Irving

● Western Australian yachtsmen sailed away with the Commonwealth VJ Senior and Junior Championship carnival at Chelsea, Victoria.

BUSY DAYS FOR TOP VJs

AT the carnival, held during the Christmas-New Year break, craft from the West came first and second in both senior and junior events.

Third placing in each event was won by VJs from N.S.W., which stopped W.A. from having the clean sweep it had in the previous championships, when its yachts filled all placings in each event.

The winners were:

Senior Championship: Dart III (Ian Anderson with Tim Bailey), of Nedlands Yacht Club, 1; Daring (Brian Lewis, Warren Rock), Nedlands, 2; Minx (Terry Beardsmore, R. Preston), Middle Harbor Yacht Club, 3.

Junior Championship: Vengeance (Michael Edwards, Erny Hobbs), Nedlands, 1; Blue Streak (Vaughan Thomas, John

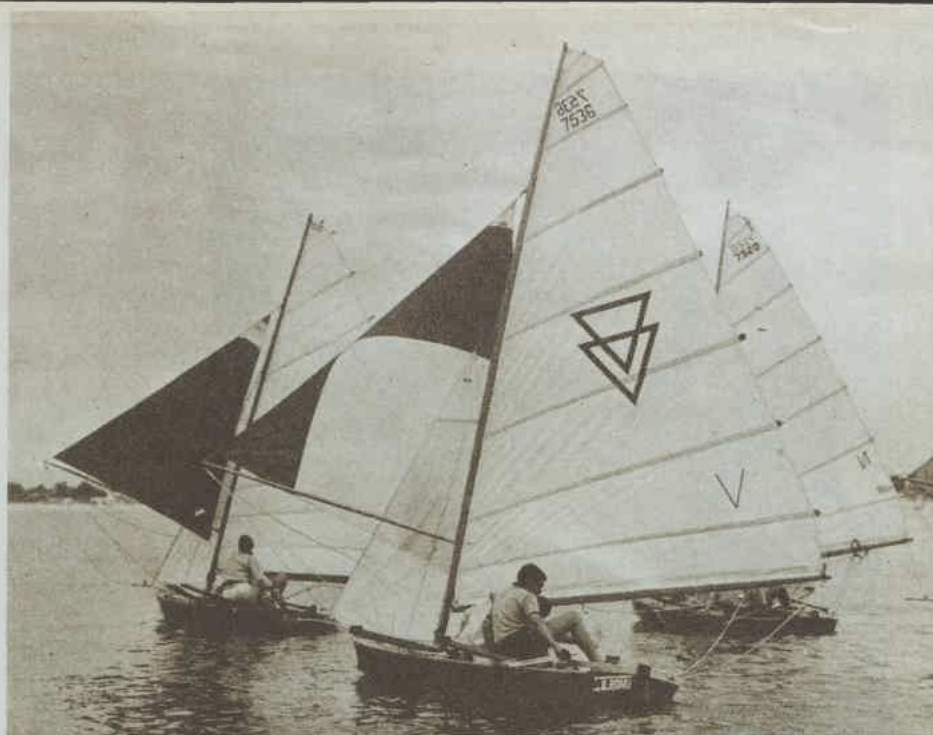
Tracey), South of Perth Yacht Club, 2; Imp (John Hendry, Brian Harris), Middle Harbor, 3.

There were 57 entrants in the carnival — 24 from N.S.W., 22 from Victoria, and 11 from Western Australia.

Twenty-eight seniors sailed in each of the five heats, over nine to 12 miles, and 29 juniors followed them on the same triangular course — on Port Phillip Bay from the Chelsea Yacht Club, which was the host club for the championships.

The yachts which inspired such enthusiasm were "born" in Sydney in 1932 by Mr. Charles Sparrow and Mr. Sil Rohu. The name comes from the initials of Vauluse Junior, because the yachts had been introduced by the Vauluse Yacht Club as junior training units.

The compact (11ft. 6in. long), economical (top cost about £260) VI has since be-



ROUNDING the first buoy in one of the heats of the recent VJ Commonwealth Junior Championships on Port Phillip Bay, Victoria. In the foreground is Silrohu, named after one of the pioneers of the VJ class, and raced by M. McManamny, of Victoria.

come Australia's largest national class of yacht, with at least 4000 sailing the waters of the various States.

The VJ is virtually a teenage yacht, and 75 per cent. of crews sailing them are teenagers, girls as well as boys.

N.S.W. has the largest number of clubs, 53, sailing this class of yacht. W.A. is next with 14. Then comes Victoria with five and S.A. with two. There are also VJs sailing in Queensland, but no special clubs for them.

Many youngsters aged round nine sail as for'ard hands in club races, and it is considered quite practicable for a boy of 12 to sail his own VJ.



TEENAGE brothers John (left) and Lex Bertram carrying Ballerina, a championship entry, from the beach to the water. John and Lex are members of Chelsea Yacht Club and won the Victorian VJ junior championship from 1958 until 1960.



ASSOCIATE members of Chelsea Yacht Club, the oldest Victorian VJ stronghold, serve lunch to N.S.W. boys competing in the Commonwealth VJ Championships.



OFFICIALS checking sizes of sails before a day's championship racing. . . Mr. George Davenport, of Sydney, Registrar of VJs (at far tip of sail), and Mr. John Cameron, of Sydney, Federal Secretary of the VJ Association (standing at left).

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5

HOW TO TWIST



OUR COVER COUPLE are doing the **BASIC TWIST STEP**. To get the idea, hold a scarf stretched between your hands, swing it to and fro, and your hips will be "twisting." Now, place right foot back, toes pointing out, and keep weight on this foot for first eight beats. Beat 1 — Keeping knees toward each other, swivel R.F. to left, turning hips to left. Beat 2 — Swivel R.F. to right, turning hips to right. Beats 3 to 8 — Repeat each of these movements three times. Keeping the same foot positions, change weight to left foot and repeat same Twist movements for next eight beats.

THE BOWLING STEP (at left) is the same as the Basic Step (described above), except that each dancer bends the knees and extends the right hand as though bowling.



THE SWIVEL AND KICK: Beat 1 — Swivel to left on R.F., right knee turned in, R.F. lifting. 2 — Swivel to right on L.F., kicking R.F. outwards. 3 — Swivel to left on L.F., stepping over and across on R.F. 4 — Swivel to right on R.F., left knee turning in, L.F. lifting. 5 — Swivel to left on R.F., kicking L.F. outwards. 6 — Swivel to right on R.F., stepping over and across on L.F. Repeat once, making 12 beats in all (if you have the energy!).

Page 6 — Teenagers' Weekly



THE BACKSCRATCHER: Put weight on R.F. with the L.F. pointing to the side, and dance four basic Twist movements. Change weight to L.F. on beat 5, lifting R.F. (heel) for beats 6 and 7, commencing to turn left. Step forward, turn left and sway backwards so that you and your partner are back to back with shoulders touching.

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● The Twist first to catch on with younger 'n-roll became

DANCED to a craze a little more than "The Twist," which on TV and record

Chubby's record has become a craze with young

With the growth of money, substitutes for rock-n-roll

Around, and The Twist

Except for one or two any bodily contact between

Dancers swing out, other parts of the body

amount of energy is Besides the steps time dances can be ad

Q, Charleston, Black These pictures were

Dancing, of Sydney

TWIST

First dance step
gers since rock-
e in the 1950s.

The Twist originated a
ago to a tune called
nk Ballard and sung
y Checker.

than 1,000,000 copies in
last year that the dance

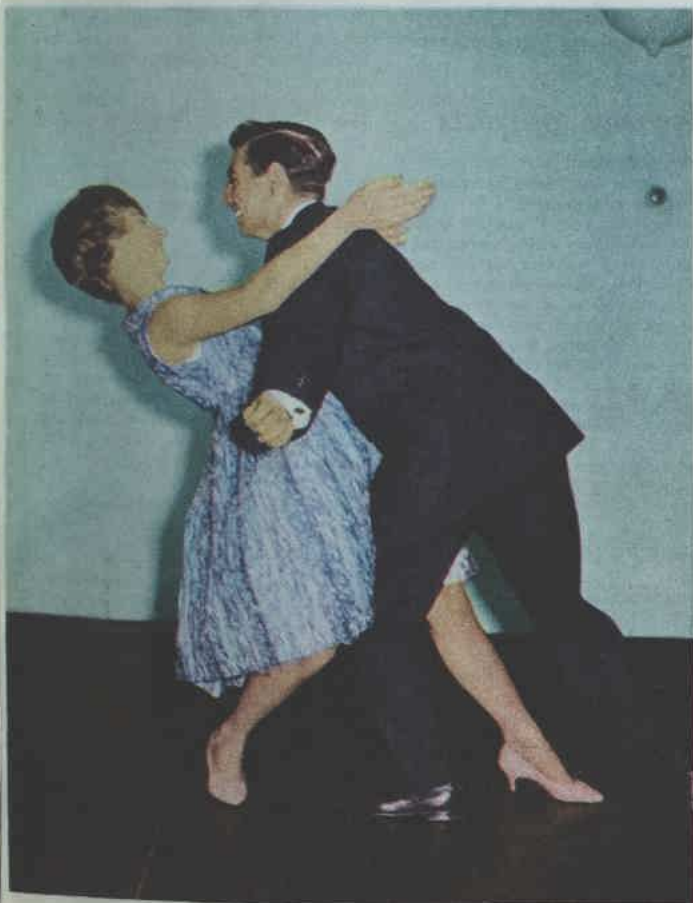
other American teenage
ny, The Fish, The Mess-
have almost disappeared.
The Twist is done without
cing partners.

aphasis on the hips, but
ved, too. An enormous

in these pages, some old-
Twist—The Trudge, Susy
ingue, and Rock-n-Roll.
Phyllis Bates' Ballroom



THE TWIST is really fun to do and is ideal for teenage parties. With all couples doing different variations, the scene becomes colorful and sometimes hilarious. In this group, the centre couple—Colleen Smith and Roy Vitetta—is doing the Bowling Step while the others—Jean Erikson and Leslie Rutherford (left) and Irene Ambrose and Tom Costin—are doing the Oversway.



THE OVERSWAY: The movement of the feet is the same as in the Basic Step. With weight on R.F., start swaying backwards after four beats, then sway forwards over the following four beats. In the Reverse Oversway, shown in picture, foot movements are same as Basic Step, but with weight on L.F. Start swaying forwards after four beats, then sway back during the next four (but don't fall over).



THE CHOO CHOO TRAIN: The movement of the feet is the same as in Basic Step, but the arms are horizontal and go to and fro like the driving rods on a steam locomotive. The knees are bent and left arm moves forward as right hip moves back, right arm forward as left hip back.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Inferiority complex

"I HAVE an inferiority complex. I think it's because I'm rather thin, with freckles. Whenever I have shorts on I think everyone is staring at me. I can't let myself go because I'm scared I'll get hurt. Please tell me what to do."
"Unhappy," Qld.

For the sake of everybody (especially teenagers, who have quite enough problems on their hands) I could wish the Inferiority Complex had never been discovered.

Too many of us are beginning to fly the wretched thing like a flag or to turn it into a cute "fall-out shelter" from life's challenges. Past generations had whopper "I.C.s" — but somehow they were ever so much happier not knowing about them.

If you've already tracked yours down — take heart AND action. A medical check-up is a must to determine whether (a) you're the naturally thin type, (b) a health factor is involved, or (c) the thinness is due to your rapid growth-rate.

I know of no way to keep freckles at bay (some marketed products fade them slightly — but only temporarily) except to be an UNDER-COVER girl outdoors. Wear shady hats ALWAYS and cover yourself up well after sunbaths or swims.

It's either this or freckles — there's no compromise. But, anyway, freckles can be attractive!

Getting the huff

"I HAVE been writing to a girl of my own age, 14, in America. I sent her several copies of The Australian Women's Weekly and an embroidered handkerchief, yet she didn't reply until today — four months later. Isn't this very bad-mannered? She wrote of us being penfriends for years to come and sent me a photograph of herself. She still seemed rather slapdash. Should I write back?"

"Wondering," S.A.

Learn early in life to stop "getting the huff." Huffiness is a childish play to get the offender to don a hairshirt,

but it's a game that usually ends up with only one player — you.

The nicest people are neither black nor white; they're a maddening, inconsistent but endearing smudginess of grey.

Emily Post wouldn't have approved Miss America's belated acknowledgement of your hanky, either, but it's a bit early to wipe her for that "crime." She may turn out to be a wonderful penfriend, with letters a bit spaced out but well worth waiting for.

Disfiguring hair

"I HAVE an embarrassing problem that I've become quite self-conscious about. I have a rather long, black growth of hair on my arms, hands, and fingers. I did not shave them or anything like that. A girl-friend said she'd read that the hairs could be blonded. Please help me. I am only 14."

"Troubled," Vic.

There is nothing more miserable in life than having to wrestle, alone, with some problem to which there seems no solution. Your disfigurement must have caused you much suffering for years — but here is our beauty expert, Carolyn Earle, to help put an end to it:

"Beauty salons have many effective treatments for removal of hairs, but they call for frequent, expensive visits. The simplest home remedy is a peroxide-and-ammonia bleach, which helps finally to weaken and break off the hairs.

"Mix together two parts of 30 volume peroxide (60 volume is too strong) and one part ammonia — dab generously on hairs after every bath and let dry.

"Make only small quantities at a time — say a two-day supply — and keep it in a well-stoppered bottle. The solution loses strength over any longer period."

Separated parents

"I AM eighteen and have been working for the past three years since my parents were separated. I live with my mother. Last year I wanted to go away for my holidays with a girl-friend, but Mum said I was very selfish not taking her. My fiancée disagrees and says I'm entitled to a break on my own, as we take her with us nearly every time we go out. I feel responsible for Mum and Dad separating, as she often tells me I'm just as bad as my father. My fiancée is getting fed up. As we're not planning to marry until I'm 21, I can't stand it much longer. I thought of getting a flat on my own."

"Worried," Qld.

One of the tragedies of a broken home is that the mother, in her loneliness, may try to fall back on her eldest child — boy or girl — for solace and companionship.

Consciously, or unconsciously, she makes the youngster her "adult" confidant — constantly demanding sympathetic responses and behaviour beyond the immature years.

When the child "fails" her she strikes back with, "I thought you said you would be 'The Man of the House,'" or (as in your case, "Worried"), "You're just like your father."

The result is an emotionally confused youngster — overwhelmed by responsibility and nagged by a misplaced sense of guilt.

This is what has happened in your case. Your fiancée is right. Try to make your mother realise that you have your own life to live, and that a flat to share with girl-friends is your goal unless she changes. Otherwise, you run the risk of losing an up-to-now very patient fiancée.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



BOTTLED boys are the latest U.S. teenage fad.

To "pickle" your best boy, you back his picture (full-length study is best) with cardboard, brace it with wire so it won't curl out of shape, and float it in colored water in a stoppered bottle.

Or you can just paste the glossy print inside the bottle with rubber cement... either way is fun while it lasts.

Backyard Hawaii

"COULD you give me an idea for an outdoor party? I plan to have one but I am afraid it will be a flop. Our home isn't modern but it is very neat and we have a large backyard with lovely lawns."

"D.P.," N.S.W.

Elvis' latest film, "Blue Hawaii," is probably responsible for this — but Hawaiian parties are "in" at the moment.

Some bright teenagers recently took their Dad's old double garage and covered it inside and out and around the entrance with palm leaves. With matting on the floor, scattered cushions, attractive lighting — and stacks of Hawaiian discs — the setting was "South Pacific" . . . and terrific!

For other ideas, don't overlook the rotary clothes hoist as a frame for colored lights or "circus-setting" mat-quees.

Copy-cats

"A GIRL in our group of teenagers always copies my clothes — dresses, coats, beach sets, and even hats! I don't want to start an argument, so how am I to stop it without hurting or antagonising her? Please don't tell me that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I am sick of being flattered."

"Clothes Horse," N.S.W.

This is a common problem among teenagers and is the penalty for being an original and imaginative dresser. I agree with you; at sensitive 16, it is not flattering and it is utterly maddening.

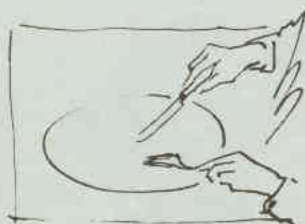
Mothers (who should know better) sometimes aid and abet their "copy-cat" daughters by making them the exact replica of the dress that "Diane looked so pretty in today."

What to do about it? One teenager cured her best friend by confiding how distressed she was that "so and so" had copied her original dress.

They ended up agreeing that "copies" always spoil "originals" for everyone concerned — and signed a friendly mutual pact "never to be guilty of such a crime."

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

TABLE MANNERS MEAT COURSE (1)

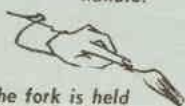


● Luncheon or dinner knives and forks are held this way.

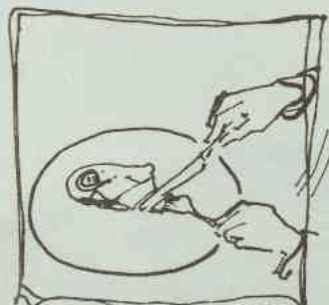
● From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."



● The meat knife is not held like the fish knife, because more leverage for cutting is necessary. Forefinger points down the handle.



● The fork is held in the left hand, with prongs always pointed down.



● Spear meat with fork and cut with your knife. Cut only one piece at a time. To fix the meat on the prongs of the fork, put knife blade underneath piece of meat. A twist will help to fix it.

NEXT WEEK: Meat Course (2)

Nurse YOUR nails

By Carolyn Earle

● Like to have nice fingernails? Of course you would, and there's no time like the present to embark on a nail-improvement programme. You can give your fingertips a professional look just by perfecting your manicure routine, but remember there are no short cuts to a good, lasting manicure. It takes time and patience (at least 20 minutes). Skipping steps and rushing it will only force you to do it again sooner. Here are six easy steps for you to follow . . .

1. Take off any old polish with a cotton-wool ball moistened with polish-remover. Press the applicator against each nail in turn for a few minutes, then wipe down with a single stroke toward nail tip.



2. Shape nails by filing from sides to centre with rough side of emery board. File in one direction only, then bevel nail edge with smooth side of board. Next soak hands for three minutes in soapy water and dry.



3. Cuticles come next. Work each cuticle back gently with padded orange-stick dipped in cuticle-remover. Start from base of nail at centre, work up and out. Dip hands in water again, brush nails and dry.



4. Moisten tip of white nail pencil and pass under each nail tip to cleanse and whiten. Don't, whatever you do, push the pencil under the nail. The fleshy part of the finger is tender and easily damaged.



5. Now for your polish. Apply to the nail with one stroke across the base, one stroke down each side, one stroke down centre. Keep this base coat light, the second coat — put on after first is dry to touch — heavier.



6. Polish dry to the touch, brush a bit of cuticle oil around each selvedge. Then gently massage round nails with finger-tips. This oil helps keep cuticles soft and pliable. Finish manicure by creaming hands.



NOT MANY (UN)HAPPY RETURNS

● I see that two countries are tampering with that secret close to women's hearts—age.

ONE country's fiddling should please—even amuse—ladies. But the other's stunt won't.

In South Korea, women (men, too, of course, but they won't be particularly interested) will not become a year older during 1962—officially.

Until now, South Koreans have been traditionally a year old at birth.

But the government has decided to drop this custom (perhaps because little people didn't look their age²) and adopt the Western world age system.

In Egypt, however, women's years are burning because President Nasser has decreed that all his citizens must carry cards bearing birth dates.

Previously, not even husbands have had the right to know their wives' ages.

While nodding happily in agreement with the Korean legitimate year-dropping (every little bit off helps), Australian women and girls doubtless will think the move rather small potatoes.

They, for ages (literally), have been playing with years on a much more grand scale.

Strangely enough they start off in a manner that would horrify them in later years: They put up their ages.

Few girls of 13 or so admit to anything less than 16.

But 21 is usually the end of the line—and the start of new *lyin'*.

After getting the key to the door women use it mainly to lock up the clock, having fair-dinkum birthdays only, say, every three years from then on.

Oh, they have normally spaced annual birthday shows. But people at these are supposed to congratulate them only on attaining the same age again and again.

The parties are to keep up appearances and give the women a regular supply of gifts. This last trick is known as letting the rest of the world go *buy!*

So it goes on—until a woman just has to start sending her age back.

All I can say is that 1932, for instance, must have been a great year for the maternity hospitals—there must be millions of women who are 30.

Women of all ages!

Now for the Egyptians (where, by the way, I suppose the women wear that exotic perfume, Suez Canal No. 5!) . . .

These people would seem to have a very valid reason for keeping a Sphinx-like silence (perhaps, you might say, keeping mum-my) about their women's ages.

For our critic of the birth-date card plan fumed: "Our women have lived for 5000 years without having to reveal their ages . . ."

If that statement was meant literally I can hardly blame ladies not wanting to have written on cards for all the world to see and Nefertiti forget:

"Born, 3038 B.C."!

—Robin Adair

ART THROUGH THE AGES

By Douglas Watson

Light, and more light

17. IMPRESSIONISM (late 19th, early 20th centuries).

THE paintings of Claude Monet (1840-1926) seem to sum up the movement known as Impressionism. Other artists in the movement were Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley, but Monet was the leader.

It was one of Monet's paintings called "Impression," reproduced at right, which in 1874 gave the new style its name.

It was the aim of the Impressionists to paint exactly what the eye sees. Light and its color interested them greatly. The colors of the spectrum—yellow, pink, mauve, and orange—had a special appeal for them.

The Impressionists felt that if they restricted their palettes to this range a feeling of sunlight could be obtained. Thus it came about that they omitted black and the earth tonings.

Very little detail will be found in pictures of the Impressionists. They wished to give the feeling of a quick glance, seeing the subject as a whole—an impression.



"IMPRESSION," by Claude Monet, Musee Marmottan, Paris.

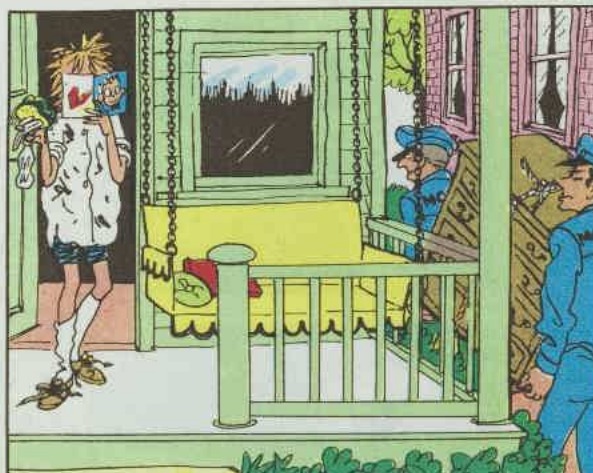
This meant that their pictures were painted on the spot. If they didn't finish the canvas at the one time they would return at the same time of day and work till it was finished.

The English painter Turner (T.W., 17/1/62) influenced the Impressionist movement, and Monet went to London to study Turner's sketches. These drawings had vibrating surfaces and luminous paint—they gave a wonderful impression of light and movement.

In the picture "Impression" we see Monet in one of his most charming moods. It is broadly painted, giving an "impression" of the subject.

Failing eyesight interfered with his work, but after a successful eye operation he continued to paint, using color with even more force.

NEXT WEEK: Post-Impressionism



LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Tony Brady off on "secret" world trip

● Handsome TV and disc artist Tony Brady certainly knows how to keep a secret.

DURING the year it took to organise the fabulous overseas trip on which he leaves at the end of next month, he didn't let a word out to anyone.

The first leg of the trip takes him to Singapore, where he has a three-month engagement at the Cockpit Hotel. After that he goes on to Manila and Japan.

He'll be doing TV work, entertaining at a string of servicemen's clubs, and promoting his record "Big Things Are Happening," which is to be released in Eastern countries on an overseas label.

Tony hasn't been away from home before, and is he excited! After the Far East he's going right on to America and, in all, expects to be away from a year to 18 months.

His first stop in America will be in California, where he has friends, and then he will start following up contacts and introductions to people in the TV and recording industries.

Tony gave up his job with a music-publishing company late last year so that he could join Patsy Ann Noble and the Allen Brothers in the cast of the Sydney Phillip Theatre's "Alice in Wonderland."

After the show closes at the end of this month he has a quick tour planned for the North Coast of N.S.W., and until he flies off on his trip he'll be busy with TV dates in Sydney.

His latest disc, "A Penny For Your Thoughts," written by Johnny Devlin and Nat Kipner, with "I Have to Laugh" on the flip-side, will be released early in February.

Before he goes, Tony is going to present his wonderful model train set to a boys' home.

Though he'll be leaving behind a lot of friends, Tony says that he's going off heart-free.

THE combination of school holidays and The Twist has meant a busy time for Judy Stone. Little Judy's a big favorite with the teenagers who live near her in the Sydney suburb of Granville, and some of them are always dropping round to ask how she is and what she's doing. Judy taught herself to Twist (by watching "Bandstand"), and has a rumpus room. Now she says she's aching all over from teaching her visitors.

Her latest single disc (Festival) might be out by the time you read this. Judy describes it, "Don't Play Number 9," as a teenage tune about a jukebox. The flip is a ballad called "I'll Step Down."



ASK Judy Cannon or Lucky Starr what is the swiftest place in Australia, and right now they'll answer "Rosebud"—the holiday resort outside Melbourne where they worked over the holidays with the Melbourne band The Planets and the vocal group The Thin Men.

"We worked under a circus big top, with a stage and a portable dance floor. It was the first time this sort of thing has been tried in Australia," Lucky said. "It was terrific. People camped in tents all about under the trees, and about 11,000 teenagers saw the show and danced in the week we were there."

Pops: It took "Hit The Road, Jack" to make some people Ray Charles conscious. But now I guess just about everybody wants to hear more of this fine singer-pianist, who's a negro and has been blind since the age of six. Charles' dramatic new single

TONY BRADY (left) talking to Jimmy Rodgers during Jimmy's Australian tour last year. Tony will soon be seeing Jimmy in America.

"Unchain My Heart" (Ampar) is high on the U.S. charts, and its blues flip, "But On The Other Hand, Baby," has already started to climb.

For the jazz fans there's also a Ray Charles (and orchestra) Ampar EP with "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Basin Street Blues," "Mississippi Mud," and a hotted-up "Marie."

WHETHER you Twist to it or not, "Come On Everybody—Let's Do The Twist" (W and G LP) is a get-with-it, partyish disc that's a lot of fun. Included in the dozen Twist-tempo numbers on offer by Fats and The Twistmen are "Twistin' U.S.A.," "Old MacDonald Had A Twist," and "Honkin' The Twist." Fats and company start loud and fast, and, if anything, seem to enjoy themselves more as they blow along.

FOR some reason or other Country and Western singers seem to like being miserable, and Don Gibson, one of the best of them, is no exception. His most recent single, "Lonesome Number One" (R.C.A. 45), is on the American charts. It's a good thing Don's a nice fellow to be miserable with, because the flip's called "The Same Old Trouble."

OUR PIN-UP

OUR pin-up (overleaf) is SHARON O'BRIEN, 18-year-old Sydney singer, who recently won the "New Faces" TV contest conducted by Sydney Channel 7's "Teen Time" and has been awarded a year's recording contract with a Pye label. She has also been regularly seen on TV's "Johnny O'Keefe Show." Her first record will be out soon.



Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; they don't wash often enough.

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard your natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to G.P.O. Box 3539, Sydney, N.S.W.



X.164.TW1252

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



SHARON O'BRIEN

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 31, 1962

HOME BUILT IN ORIENTAL DESIGN



EXTERIOR view shows the numerous levels of the house. Red maranti wood, many glass sliding doors, and graduating columns of cemented bricks are used. The house has four bedrooms, three bathrooms, a shower room, and rumpus room leading to the pool.



LIVING-ROOM (above) has stepped ceiling and pelmets of wood and glass to give an impression of a low roof. Flooring radiates from central point.



GRAVEL DRIVE leads down to carport and swimming-pool. Oriental effect is achieved by a series of flat roofs of graduating levels which give this waterside house a Japanese appearance.



SKYLIGHT of fibreglass (right) gives even light to living-room. Graduated columns are painted stone color to complement the red wood.

Continued overleaf

Worth Reporting

FROM the stage of the Sydney Tivoli in 1946 a cute little Christmas pantomime "Water Baby"—Penny Hall, 4, of Northwood, N.S.W.—solemnly bowed to the audience and decided . . . "This is the life for me."

Today, clutching her first contract for her first professional job, Penny Hall, 20, is assistant stage manager at the Union Theatre, Melbourne (Victorian branch of the Sydney Elizabethan Theatre).

Penny was among 1961's graduates (23 in all) of the National Institute of Dramatic Art, University of N.S.W., when, about six weeks ago,



PENNY HALL . . . a dream come true.

she and six others were selected for an interview with the Union Theatre's director, Mr. John Sumner.

Mr. Sumner wrote a couple of weeks later informing Penny that she and a Victorian lad had been chosen for the coveted A.S.M.'s job—a 12 months' appointment open to institute graduates.

"I was terribly lucky," says Penny, who is the youngest child of Dr. and Mrs. B. Hall, of Northwood.

Apart from gaining a solid grounding at the institute in stage management, singing, history of the theatre, fencing, and dance drama, Penny also studied singing at the Conservatorium last year.

"Not that Joan Sutherland need expect any competition here," she said, "but in the theatre, versatility is everything."

ASSIMILATION in Sydney town. Eavesdropping in a bus we heard—in the broadest of Manchester accents—this snippet: "Our eldest lass is gettin' wed next month. Sooch a loovly chap. Cooms fra' a loovly I-talian family. We can't oonderstand a word his family says—but we all smile an' nod an' nod an' smile . . . we get on jooost wonderful together."

Surf film is a boomer

BETTY BEST, of our London staff, who covered the world premiere of "Bungala Boys," the Australian-made film of Sydney author Claire Meillon's novel "The New Surf Club," writes:

"London children greeted the film with such barracking and shrieks of delight that it seemed the big cinema would collapse.

"Despite their unfamiliarity with sharks, the life-saving code, or surf-boat racing, they followed episodes as keenly as if they had spent their lives at Manly—perhaps more so, as the very unfamiliarity of settings and events gave 'Bungala Boys' an original adventure line."

Betty says that some children near her nearly leapt out of their seats when the shark's fin approached the swimmer, and they thumped excitedly with clenched fists as Bungala's boat, The Flying Lobster, came home first in the race.

"At the finish they stood and cheered with such enthusiasm that many potential migrants must have been 'born' that morning."

The film, made in Sydney by Jimar Productions for the Children's Film Foundation of Britain, goes out to more than 900 cinemas all over England before beginning its tour of Canada and the United States.

Eventually it will have been screened all over Europe.

THE name of a hotel at Paradise, in Gloucestershire, England, is—the Adam and Eve.



RUTH MORRIS . . . she'll have U.S. readers.

Q'land hits the dustjacket

QUEENSLAND can't complain of being the "Cinderella State" when it comes to the U.S. publishing field.

Two novels, both set in the Queensland countryside and both by Australian women writers, have recently lured American publishers.

They are "The Runaway," by Ruth Morris, of Melbourne, and "A Twig Is Bent," by Estelle Thompson, of Nambour, Queensland.

Estelle's book will be published by Abelard-Schuman on February 23; Ruth's (already published in Great Britain by Michael Joseph and here by Rigby Limited, Adelaide) is in the hands of New York publishers Random House.

And that's not all! Negotiations are in hand for the sale of the film rights of Ruth's story. How's that for current American interest in "Down Under"?

WHY heaven protects little boys: In a determined onslaught on his patchy spelling, our favorite nine-year-old bounded home with his newest and proudest possession—a brand-new spelling notebook.

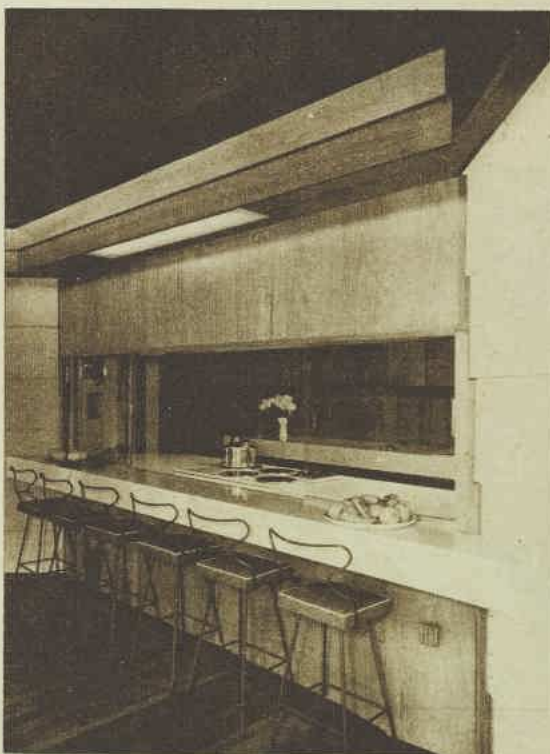
On the cover-tag, alongside "Subject," he had painstakingly and beautifully written for Mum's ecstatic approval, "Speling."

Continuing . . .

WATERFRONT HOUSE BUILT IN ORIENTAL DESIGN

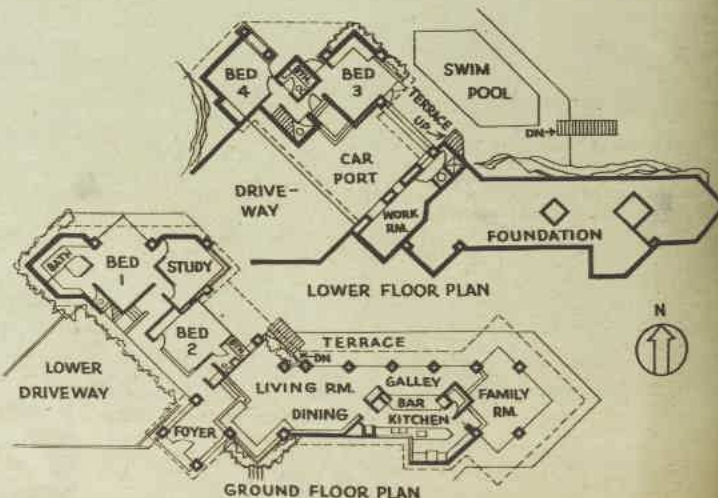


KITCHEN (above) has a double sink, wall oven, and a hot-plate set into a bench top. There are many storage cupboards.



BUFFET BAR (left) seats six. It is also used as a pass-out from the kitchen to the dining-area.

GROUND PLAN, below, shows lay-out of the house. Dr. and Mrs. Rose required a home in which bedrooms were well separated from the living areas.



YOUR BOOKSHELF

By **JOYCE HALSTEAD**

"Asia is People"

Peggy Warner (Cheshire), 27/6.

Mrs. Warner, with her Australian journalist husband, visited Manila, Japan, Hong Kong, Formosa, South Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Laos.

"Asia," she writes, "is not just for sight-seeing and for shopping—Asia is people." Although she did quite a lot of the former, she took notice of the people, their customs, standard of living, and attitude to life. She discusses Japanese women, who since the end of the war have leapt from the feudal age into the 20th century, use electrical appliances in their kitchens, send their children to kindergartens, and take on every type of outside job and career.

She and her husband visited Western-style nightclubs as well as geisha houses, now becoming too expensive for modern husbands who must meet their wives' demands for more housekeeping money.

Mrs. Warner deals with the political and domestic set-up of Chiang Kai-shek and his followers on Formosa; emphasises

the difference between great wealth and extreme poverty in Hong Kong; talks of Vietnam's beautiful women and a remarkable shampoo she had in Saigon. Between bouts of chronic dysentery she saw the sights of Bangkok, in Thailand, and Angkor, in Cambodia. In Laos she was roped into being foreign correspondent for a leading London paper—friendly rivals helped her file her stories. Altogether, this is a varied and observant account of her Asian trip.

"Fun Without Flowers"

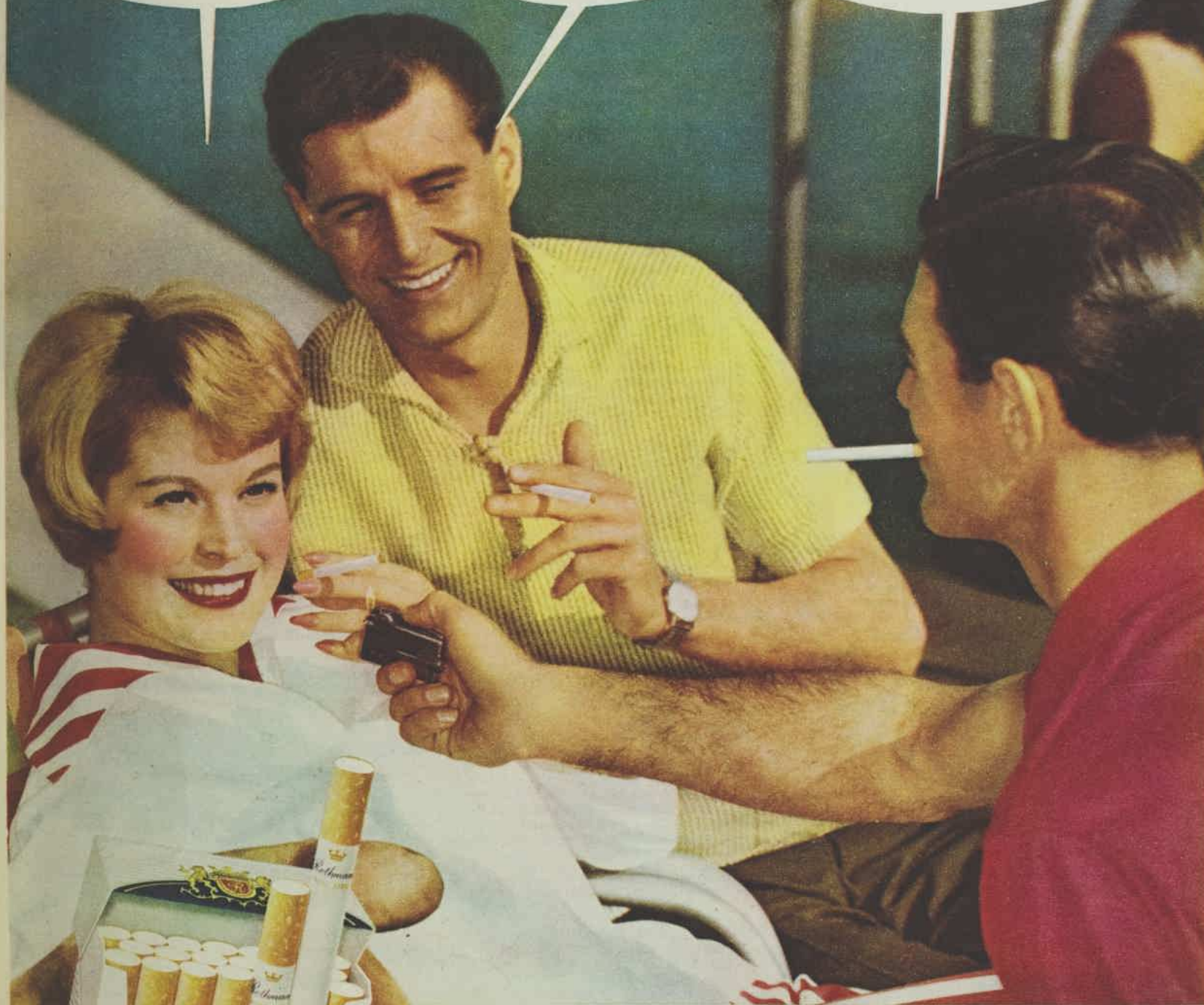
Julia Clements (Pearson), 35/-.

Using leaves, fruit, long-eared wheat, vegetables, root and driftwood, pieces of twigs, coral, lichen-covered branches, ferns, pieces of rough stone, succulents, grasses, shells, cones, and berries, attractive and long-lasting decorative arrangements can be made. The book deals with design, texture and color, composition and containers, and gives the tricks for keeping the pieces in position. Beautiful black-and-white and color illustrations.

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Your feet are very valuable to you—almost as valuable as your hands—so why don't you look after them?

When they get hot, sore, aching and tired, buy a tube of **Baume Dalet** from your chemist and rub away your foot miseries.

Baume Dalet penetrates quickly to the trouble source letting its healing ingredients go swiftly to work.

Ask your family chemist for **BAUME DALET**—6/- a tube.

Baume Dalet A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

HOME HINTS

● These household hints sent in by readers will save time and work in the daily routine. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

FOR very tasty swedes and white turnips, grate the vegetables on a coarse grater, place in the pan with a knob of butter, pepper and salt. Steam over moderate heat 10 minutes. — Mrs. J. Pollard, 13 Galway Grove, Tranmere, S.A.

To prevent rose petals falling after the blooms have been arranged in a vase, place a penny in the bottom of the vase. — Mrs. I. Davies, 16b Sutton St., Waroona, W.A.

To keep your electric toaster looking shiny, bright, and new, rub it over once a week with a cloth moistened with methylated spirit, then wipe dry with a clean soft cloth. Chromium chair-legs, ornaments, and door-handles will also respond to this treatment. — Mrs. M. A. Howse, 5 Brightmore St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Improve the flavor of lamb by making tiny slits in it and filling them with mint before roasting. — Felicity Morris, Box 10, Pemberton, W.A.

Artificial plastic flowers are easier to arrange if a large piece of children's modelling clay is placed in the bottom of the vase. It holds the flower stalks firmly in place. — D. Wall, 29 Lismore Ave., Dee Why, N.S.W.

An easy way to thread a needle: Push the needle through a sheet of white paper. The paper provides a sharply contrasting background for the eye of the needle, making it easier to see. — Mrs. J. Palmer, 1a Woonona Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

If you have a cupboard door that keeps swinging open, press a drawing-pin into the top edge of the door. This tightens the frame when the door is closed. — Mrs. I. Bishop, 7 Weir St., Moorooka, Qld.

Mustard quickly dries out in an open pot and has to be thrown away. Try putting made mustard into one of the little glass or plastic containers with a screw top that chemists use for tablets. The mustard will remain usable much longer. — M. Gordon, 42 Waller St., Lathlain Park, W.A.

Make inexpensive glassware sparkle like crystal by cleaning it with baking-powder mixed into a thin paste with water. Rub on to the glass, then rinse under running cold water. Dry and polish. — Miss M. Butcher, Box 24, Murray Bridge, S.A.

Chill bread in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator, then grate it when white breadcrumbs are required. — Mrs. N. S. Smith, c/o Bank of N.S.W., Rockhampton, Qld.

Save screwtop jars of similar size. Nail the lids to the ceilings of your kitchen cupboards and fill the jars with corks, rubber rings, string, etc. Screw jars into the lids. This saves space and the contents are clearly visible for quick selection. Nails, screws, nuts and bolts can be kept in the garage in this way. — Mrs. P. A. Smith, 23 John St., Ulverstone, Tas.

Have your curtains shrunk after washing? When rehanging, use two sets of curtain-rings interlinked to make them longer. — Mrs. A. Brennan, 4 Thaxted Rd., Murrumbidgee, Vic.

A few teaspoons of kerosene added to starch while hot will prevent it sticking to the iron. — Miss D. L. Titmarsh, c/o P.O., Maryborough, Qld.

If your favorite dress is wearing out, use it as a pattern to make a new one just like it. Rip all the seams of the dress, wash the pieces, starch them so they are quite stiff, then press them. Then use each piece as a pattern. — Mrs. J. L. Spowart, 5 Heylesbury St., Herne Hill, Geelong, Vic.

For a delicious flavor when making ice-cream, melt 2oz. caramels in a saucepan over boiling water and add to the ice-cream after the final beating. Then freeze as usual. — Mrs. V. Williams, 129 Warialda St., East Moree, N.S.W.

If you have a useful household hint to help in any household chore such as cleaning, washing, polishing, gardening, or dressmaking, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please write your name and address, including State, on the top of each sheet of paper. We pay £1/1/- for every hint used.

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Do friends say You're the Picture of Health?

When you're aglow with health, there's a sparkle in your eyes and a radiance in your complexion that is admired by everyone.

In Bile Beans you have the ideal family laxative for constipation and biliousness, indigestion, liver-iness, sick headache and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.

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CONSULT our HOME PLANNING CENTRES for advice on planning your new home. Call and peruse our extensive range of designs catering for everything from smart little weekenders, dignified city homes to rambling country homesteads.

A MOTHER'S STORY

● A teenage daughter wants to get a job, but her parents feel she should have a higher education . . . Here is a mother's real-life account of what happened when this problem—which can involve so many family considerations—arose. She wins £20 for her article.

"Daughter wanted to leave school"

● My problem was similar to one which many parents will be facing over the next few weeks—"Should I allow my 16-year-old daughter to leave school and start work, or persuade her to go on with her studies?"

I KNOW there is no such thing as an average child and it annoys me to hear people quote what the average child should do.

Perhaps, though, it will help other parents, with growing daughters, to know how my problem was solved.

My daughter was a reasonably attractive lass. Shining dark hair always carefully looked after. A quiet smile and a shy, sincere manner which older people and small children responded to.

But she was entirely lacking in self-confidence, and when she looked in a mirror all she saw were two slight disfigurements she had had since a child, a skin inclined to be muddy and a sullen, brooding face.

At school she had always been well above average and her school reports always showed that she was very conscientious and hard-working.

On a number of occasions her teachers told us that she was capable of going through university at a high level. But none of this helped give her self-confidence.

Nobody dared speak!

She had few friends. While the other girls went to dances and parties and enjoyed life, she stayed in her room studying. (Well, most of the time, at any rate.)

When the last big exam for the year loomed up, it was torture living in our home.

No one dared say a word to her and the younger members of the family hardly dared to even whisper while she swotted.

At one stage I started to wonder who would have a nervous breakdown first—my daughter or myself!

The exams were strung out over several agonising weeks and then came the suspense of waiting weeks more for the results to come out.

With her usual lack of self-confidence, she rudely told everyone who asked her that she was sure she had failed. In the finish we were even starting to wonder if she had flunked it.

When the results came out, we found she had passed every subject (and she had been studying one more than usual, at night classes). She even had a credit in the most difficult and least expected subject.

We thought this would help banish her inferiority complex, but when the holidays were finished she stubbornly refused to go back to study again.

She wanted to stay home and help my husband in his business.

I took her to some of our business friends who explained to her that she needed to go farther with her education to compete in the business world of today and tomorrow. She listened sullenly and repeated that she had no friends and she wanted to stay home.

"Unwilling, miserable"

It was the same story with her head teacher. He carefully explained the necessity of a higher education and told her she was capable of taking up any profession she wished.

Many of our friends spoke to us, and to her, too, about her results, and some told us if we allowed her to stay home she would probably retire even farther into her shell and become very unhappy.

We studied various articles about the need for higher education for the girls of today. A few were against it, but most were for it, and in the end we decided to force her to study for at least one more year.

The next week an unwilling, miserable young lady caught the bus for school again.

In the meantime, fate stepped in to give us a hand with the solving of our problem. I had become ill. My husband needed help with his work. I needed help in the home with the younger children. Bills began piling up.

We urgently needed our daughter home, so we had a family conference and she begged to be allowed to leave school.

After many hours of discussion we decided it was senseless to force her to continue studying for a career she didn't want to follow, when we needed her help so badly. So we allowed her to come home.

We have never regretted it.

She pays me a small amount of board money each week, and by having to manage her own budget she has learnt the cost of living and is now taking a great interest in doing some of her father's "buying."

She has a boy-friend—a fine type of lad several years older than herself. He understands her problems and has helped her overcome her shyness in social affairs.

I have been told that in later years she will regret that she didn't continue with her university education and will blame me that her talents were wasted in a job where there is little chance of advancement.

ONLY THE FUTURE HOLDS THE ANSWER TO THAT.

She loves her work in her father's business, and by having to take responsibilities and go out and meet people she has steadily gained confidence in her ability.

Every child has talents . . .

...but it takes good schools, and families who value education, to help boys and girls achieve their best.

HAS your child talents, abilities, or capacities which, if properly developed, will enrich his life? The answer is "yes."

Will your child develop these talents, abilities, and capacities to the full? The answer is "perhaps."

It depends on quite a lot of things—above all on his school and on you.

Children differ immensely in their aptitudes. Some are remarkably gifted. Some have extremely modest capacities.

One of the most cherished goals of our society is to help each child to develop whatever potentialities he may have. The educational systems are designed to achieve this goal.

If you care about the development of your child's abilities, you had better care about the quality of his school.

Make inquiries about it, and take an interest in it.

Is there enough classroom space? Is it getting enough good teachers? Providing the working conditions that enable them to function effectively?

Has the curriculum been the subject of thorough study?

If you are concerned with the full development of your child's potentialities, you will also want to know whether the school deals wisely with individual differences among children.

Parents' job

In helping each child to achieve the best that is in him, the school has a right to expect that parents will carry an important share of the burden.

Indeed, the school can't do its job if parents are not doing their job.

Long before they reach school, children have developed attitudes toward learning, toward their own performance, toward standards of conduct. And it isn't easy for the school to change these attitudes.

The school can provide children



● What will he become? So much depends on his parents and school.

with new knowledge and understanding. It can develop new skills.

But it is very hard for the school to reshape the child's fundamental attitudes toward what is important and worth striving for.

Your child will not get an education unless he cares about an education. The child who gets the most out of school will be the child who wants to learn and grow, who has some degree of intellectual curiosity, who is willing to strive.

Children have the habit of learning by example. Every parent should reflect on that alarming fact.

It isn't so much what parents say that is important. It is how parents

themselves behave, what they believe in and value, how they live.

When parents say, "I tried to give my child every advantage," they generally mean, "I spared no expense." But the real advantages are not always a matter of expense. Children from homes that are poor in a material sense are often richly supplied in the values which ensure their educational future. They care about learning.

A child may have a beautiful home, holidays at the seaside, stacks of toys, and everything that money can buy, but if his parents show in their own behaviour that they care little about education, scorn the life of the mind, and show no concern for high standards of conduct or performance in their own lives—then it is inaccurate to speak of the child as having had every advantage.

Not fooled

It would be better to say that he has had almost every disadvantage.

So when you ask yourself what you are teaching your children, look at yourself. Look at the way you live, at the things you value, at the way you conduct yourself.

And look with an unsparing eye, because children aren't fooled.

If you value material things above all else, don't expect any other behaviour of your children!

If you believe that the most important thing in the world is what other people think, don't expect your children to show independence of judgment!

If you care about the development of your child's abilities, take a hard look at his school and a hard look at your own life. The second task will be even more difficult than the first.

By JOHN GARDNER, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. From *Parents' Magazine*, published by the Parents' Institute, Inc., New York.

Metrecal

the pleasant new way to lose weight and avoid regaining it

Now in liquid form, ready to drink

Now it is easier and more convenient to control your weight with Metrecal. You simply open the can and pour a 225 calorie meal. Metrecal Liquid was developed to meet the same exacting nutritional standards as Metrecal Powder.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States more than two years ago and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of calorie intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme: and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. On this complete programme, the average weight adjustment is satisfactory. To control weight more gradually and to maintain a desired weight, Metrecal may be used for only one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days of the week.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include: the new concept — the measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of calorie intake.

PROVEN BY EXPERIENCE — Metrecal has been used successfully by millions of people throughout the world to control weight.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT — The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to the most exacting pharmaceutical standards.

RANGE OF CHOICE — Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavours.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely; they quickly look better, feel better, without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. The diet is easy to follow, since little if any hunger is felt after the first day or so.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, and persons with medical disturbances should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight control programme. **Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.**



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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● Three short (much too short!) weeks in the country have made me realise how out of touch with the seasons we get by living in a city.

SPRING is the time to start thinking about summer clothes, summer is the season of flies and cold salads and picnic days at the beach.

And wet weather is the time when getting the washing dry is your major problem and you're always trying to remember whether or not the children took their raincoats when they left for school in the morning.

I sometimes think that in the cities the seasons are just things that happen, often taking us a little by surprise.

We miss out on that lovely, logical progression of things—from ploughing to sowing to ripening to harvest; from mating to lambing, through crutching and dipping to shearing; from pruning through manuring and watering and spraying to the fruit harvest.

The city worker's job goes on, and on, and on, from the beginning of the year till the very end; the farmer's job might look as dull if you take it day by day, but he gets a ton of variety during the year, and everything he does is being done for the good and sufficient and quite obvious reason that this is the proper TIME for it to be done.

Pipe-cleaners for plastic bags

THIS week we've been having oceans of much-needed rain and I've been surprised to find how much I've enjoyed the sight of it.

At home I hate rain just as much as the cats do, and I'm always watching the sky so that I can duck out between showers to get the shopping done without getting wet.

Here I've found it's great fun to go slushing round in gumboots and a raincoat carrying food to the lordly Tamworths and the hideously piglike Berkshires, or going out with Max to check that his contouring has been successful so that the run-off water is clear instead of muddy with his precious top-soil.

Rain is a different proposition altogether when it's needed.

In between times I've been helping Helen with her annual marathon fruit-bottling campaign. Most of the fruit comes from their own trees, and we pick it and wipe it and slice it straight into the preserving jars. Some of it comes from distant neighbors and arrives in that slightly battered-by-travel condition that means it has to be dealt with at once.

I swear that I've stoned two million cherries in the last two days!

Helen has a bright idea for stoning them quickly—she puts an old-fashioned writing nib backwards (point first) into a pen-holder and gouges out the stone with that.

The other very handy tip I've picked up from her is to keep a packet of pipe-cleaners where you keep your plastic bags.

A pipe-cleaner twisted round closes the bag firmly and quickly when you're storing food in the fridge or in a deep freeze, and you can use the same pipe-cleaner over and over again.

Country life is too busy for books

I BROUGHT two books away with me to read, thinking that I'd soon run out of reading matter but that Helen would have books in the house that I could borrow.

In three weeks I have read half of one longish novel!

I'm beginning to understand why country people complain that their life keeps them out of touch with books and plays and pictures and what's going on in the world.

I don't think it's distance that puts them out of touch so much as sheer busy-ness.

If you've been doing physical work all day, and most of it out of doors, print doesn't seem to have the same fascination.

At home I always feel cheated if I haven't had some time during the day when I can read, and often I'm driven to shell three or four pounds of peas at a time just so that I can do it with a book propped up in front of me.

Up here I haven't had a clue what was going on in Rome or Berlin or Djakarta, the radio news has passed in one ear and out the other, and, of course, there is no TV set in the house.

I suppose a few months of that would seem too much of a good thing, but for three weeks it has been heavenly—like being in another world which is only linked to the old one by the telephone, which, like all farmhouse telephones, seems to ring incessantly at breakfast and dinner and tea.

Likes housekeeping—but won't do it!

KAT told me on the phone yesterday that she has thoroughly enjoyed doing the housekeeping—"But I'm not going to do a single thing when you get home," she said threateningly.

I think she's afraid that, having proved she can do it, she'll get more than she likes loaded on to her!

She's going away herself a week after I get back, and that week, according to her, is going to be filled for both of us with her dressmaking problems.

Diana is not too pleased about this, as she will be going back to school.

However, there's some consolation for her in the fact that this year any new school clothes she needs will have to be NEW, for she has worn out the last of the hated school hand-me-downs from Katherine.



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UNIFORMS ARE SMART, WELL FITTING. You'll wear them with pride. On leave, wearing of uniform is optional. The attractive summer and winter outfits are tailored, fitted and provided entirely free.

TRAVEL OPPORTUNITIES abound in the WRAAC. In all States there are WRAAC girls enjoying their work in pleasant surroundings—with famous tourist centres often within easy reach.

CHOICE OF INTERESTING JOBS. The WRAAC asks you what you'd like to do—and provides training with full pay in 28 different and essential jobs—clerks, draftswomen, cooks, transport drivers, operators signals and switchboard, to name a few. You do the job that suits you best!

THE PAY'S GOOD, very good when you consider that you're fully maintained, cared for (with full medical and dental) in addition to being trained at WRAAC expense. On leave the return travel to your Home State is free.

PROMOTION OPPORTUNITIES are ever present. Girls with ability and ambition are encouraged to qualify for commissioned rank—which in turn brings higher pay and responsibilities.

YOU ARE ELIGIBLE if you are in good health, have reasonable primary education, are a British subject between 17 and 30. If under 21 your parent's consent is required.

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"Ordinary jobs didn't appeal—I wanted something really different—a chance to travel Australia—I found it in the

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Issued by the Director of Recruiting.

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Page 35



Slice your Kraft Cheddar

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This is the cheese that always slices smoothly, evenly. Depend on its mellow Cheddar flavour to make sandwiches all the family will like. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese . . . that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in strengthening protein, essential vitamins and minerals. Kraft Cheddar is truly a bargain in nutrition. Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz., 1 lb. and family-size 2 lb. packets. Also in 1 oz. portions.

They'll love these

PROTEIN-RICH LUNCH SANDWICHES

- Buttered wholemeal bread, with good thick slices of Kraft Cheddar.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar with brains and Vegemite.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with hard-boiled egg and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Cooked sliced frankfurts and tomato sauce, with sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Sliced cold lamb, sliced Kraft Cheddar and pickle.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with chopped raisins and lemon juice.
- Vegemite, sliced Kraft Cheddar, and grated apple.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, mashed banana, and lemon juice.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar, with grated carrot and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Sweetcorn and shredded Kraft Cheddar.
- Mashed sardines and vinegar, and shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Other ways to enjoy Kraft Cheddar in sandwiches.

FROM THE **KRAFT** KITCHEN

KR21P

WHEN GRAPES ARE IN SEASON



● Give a new interest to many sweet and savory recipes by adding the flavor of grapes—either as whole fruit, pulp, or juice.

MANY recipes—from the classical sole veronique to the ever-popular chiffon pie—owe their appeal to the flavor of grapes whose graceful vines are so often admired on patio, trellis, or backyard fence in Australia.

An adaptation of sole veronique is used for the vol-au-vent included in these recipes. All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used. Quantities are sufficient to serve five or six persons.

SUMMER SALAD

Six grape leaves or endive, 6 pear halves (fresh or canned), 6oz. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 2lb. white seedless grapes, french dressing, salt, pepper.

Place well-washed grape leaf or endive on each salad plate, top each with pear half placed flat side down. Blend cream cheese with the cream, season to taste with salt, pepper. Carefully spread pear halves all over with this mixture. Cut grapes in halves, press flat side down into cream cheese mixture. At large end of pear place piece of grape vine to resemble bunch of grapes. Serve with french dressing.

SEAFOOD DELUXE VOL-AU-VENT

One pound puff pastry, 1 beaten egg-yolk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish fillets, 1 bay leaf, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 small sliced white onion, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup white grapes.

Roll puff pastry out about 1in. thickness, keeping pastry in round shape as much as possible. Using cake-tin as guide, cut out 8in. round with sharp-bladed knife dipped in hot water. Then make smaller circle 6in. in diameter in centre and cut nearly all the way through. Glaze with beaten egg, making sure not to touch cut edges which retards rising. Carefully transfer to oven-slide, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake further 10 to 15 minutes. Carefully cut out centre round so pastry pie-case is formed. Remove any uncooked pastry. Reserve top lid for serving if desired.

Prepare filling: Skin fish, place in greased baking-dish, top with crushed bay leaf, little salt and pepper, white wine, water, sliced onion. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes or until tender. Break fish into pieces, strain stock and reserve. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, cook over heat 1 minute without browning, stirring constantly. Add stock, cook over heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice, taste, and season with salt and pepper if desired. Simmer 3 minutes. Fold in fish pieces and grapes. Fill into vol-au-vent and place top on if desired. Reheat in oven.

GRAPE AND APPLE JULEP

Two ounces sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 pint grape juice, 1 pint apple juice, juice 2 small lemons, 1 sliced banana, 1 cup halved pitted grapes, 1 pint soda water, ice cubes.

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, boil 5 minutes; cool. Add grape juice, apple juice, lemon juice, and chill until just before serving-time. Lastly add sliced banana, halved and pitted grapes, and soda water. Pour into glasses, add few ice cubes.

BLACK AND WHITE RAG DESSERT

Four tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, 4 eggs (separated), 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. cream or well chilled evaporated milk, 1 cup black grapes (halved and seeds removed), 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, extra black grapes, melted chocolate.

Soften gelatine in water, stand aside. Combine in top half of double saucepan the milk, egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla. Stir over simmering water until thickened to custard consistency and mixture coats silver spoon. Cool, then add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, fold in sweet sherry, grapes, whipped cream or evaporated milk, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into oiled or wetted fancy mould, chill well until firm. Prepare decoration: Wash and dry grapes but leave on stalks, dip in melted chocolate, allow excess chocolate to drain off, then place on rack to dry and set. Unmould sweet, arrange grapes round edge.

GRAPE SAUCE A L'AMERICAINE

(To serve with poultry or white-fleshed fish)

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup chicken or fish stock, 2 egg-yolks, salt, pepper, cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless grapes.

Melt in saucepan the butter or substitute which has been creamed with lemon juice. Add flour, mix well. Gradually stir in chicken or fish stock and cook, stirring frequently until sauce begins to thicken. Remove from heat, beat in egg-yolks. Season to taste. Stir in grapes, simmer 2 minutes.

GRAPE LEAF PIE

Twelve ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2 cups unsweetened apple pulp, 2 cups black grapes (halved and seeded), 1 cup sugar, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, pinch mixed spice, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, egg-white or water for glazing, sugar.

Roll out 2-3rds of pastry on floured board and fit it into 9in. pie-plate. Prepare filling by combining apple pulp, halved and seeded grapes, sugar, lemon rind, mixed spice, and apricot jam. Fill into pastry-lined dish. Roll out remaining pastry and cut into a round about 1in. larger than top of pie. Carefully cut out three or four grape-leaf shapes with sharp knife from pastry round. From scraps of pastry cut out small grapes. Glaze edge of pie, carefully place fancy top in position. Trim edges and decorate. Glaze with little egg-white or water, arrange pastry grapes in centre. Sprinkle over little extra sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 25 minutes.

Continued on page 39

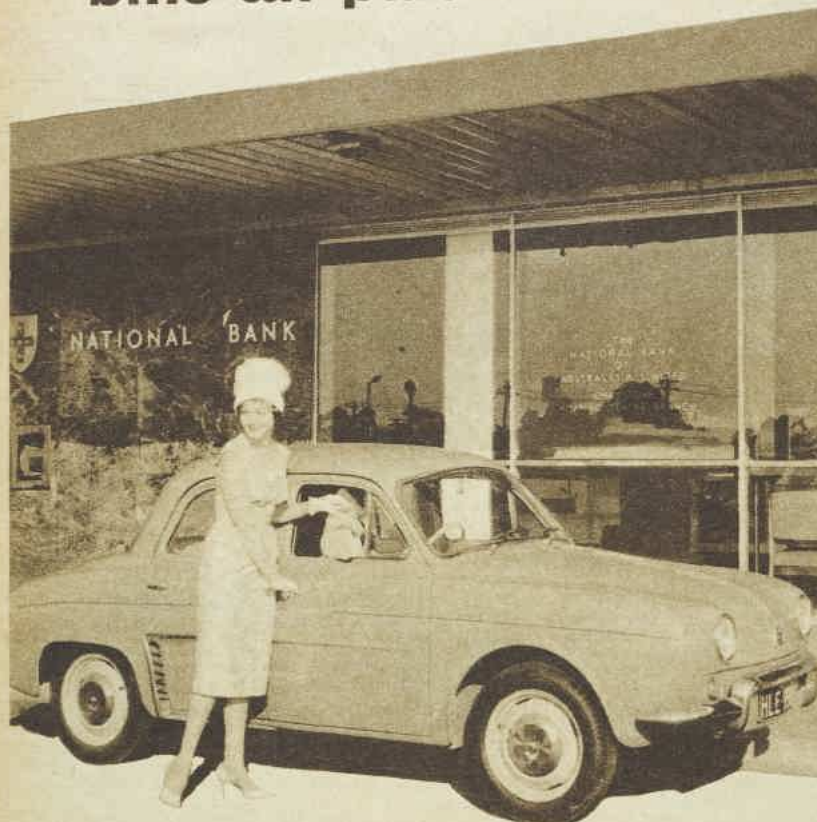


GRAPES give flavor and color to these attractive dishes. They are Black and White Rag Dessert (top left), Seafood Deluxe Vol-au-vent (left), and Grape Leaf Pie (right). Recipes are given in this feature.



BY LEILA C. HOWARD
OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

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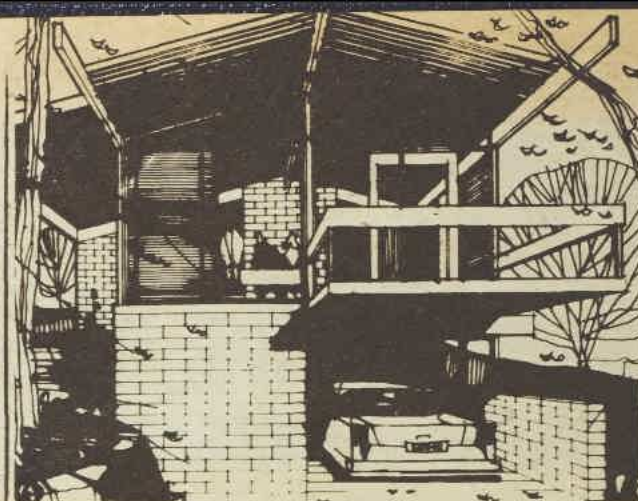
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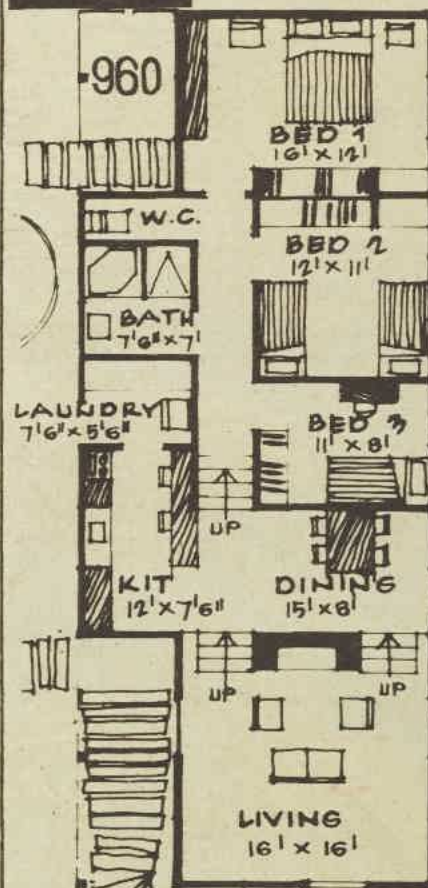
ATTRACTIVE exterior of Plan No. 960 shows outdoor deck, ideal for summer meals.

960

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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Home Plans Service



FLOOR PLAN shows two levels of the house, compact planning.

• Our Home Plan this week is a special design for a narrow, steep-sloping site.

This is a split-level 12.5 square house, with the dining-room and kitchen opening to a deck for outdoor dining in summer.

Main entrance to the house is from the carport, and the approach is sheltered by wide overhanging eaves.

This floor plan shows the front door opening directly into the living-room but this can be altered so that there is a spacious entrance hall with a cloak cupboard.

The large main bedroom, 16 feet by 12 feet, has been placed at the back of the house to avoid traffic noises.

There are two smaller bedrooms, 12 by 11ft. and 11ft. by 8ft., and both these rooms have built-in wardrobes.

Compact bathroom

The compact bathroom has a separate toilet, with its entrance from the hall. If desired, the toilet block could be extended and a separate bathroom for the main bedroom built on.

The kitchen, too, is compact. It is a corridor-type, and opens on to a laundry which has direct access to the back garden.

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- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

READERS' RECIPES WIN PRIZES

- Delicious chocolate syrup diluted with hot or cold milk and topped with whipped sweetened cream wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for unusual biscuit bars and a delicious crabmeat casserole.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE HONEY SYRUP

One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch mixed spice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence.

Combine sugar, cocoa, salt, spice, and cinnamon. Blend smoothly with boiling water. Bring to boil over low heat, simmer for 5 minutes, stirring all the while. Cool, add honey and vanilla. Store in covered container in refrigerator. Can be served either hot or cold. To serve cold, mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of syrup with 2 cups milk, then whisk together. Top with ice-cream or whipped sweetened cream if desired. If served hot, whisk after hot milk has been added.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Williams, 126 Gloucester Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

APRICOT BARS

Three eggs (separated), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked, drained dried apricots, 1 cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, castor sugar.

Place egg-whites in basin, beat until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat well. Beat in egg-yolks, then fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, salt. Lastly add chopped apricots, walnuts, vanilla. Pour mixture into well-greased and lined lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. While still warm turn out and cut into bars about 2in. by 1in., then toss in castor sugar.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Heine, 49 Kingston Road, Port Pirie, S.A.

WHEN GRAPES ARE IN SEASON

(Continued from page 37)

GRAPE CHIFFON PIE

One ounce gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, 1 cup grape juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grape pulp, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch salt, 1 cup cream, 1 egg (separated), one 8in. or 9in. pastry-case, extra cream to decorate.

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Combine grape juice, sugar, grape pulp, lemon juice and rind, salt, and egg-yolk in top half of double saucepan. Stir over hot water until slightly thickened and sugar is dissolved. Add gelatine, stir well. Chill until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg-white. Fold in cream (which has been beaten until stiff) and stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into pastry-case, chill well. Top with whipped sweetened cream.

GRAPE MERINGUE TARTS

Pastry: Three ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, good squeeze lemon juice, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, iced water.

Grape Filling: Quarter cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 4 egg-yolks, 3 cups grape juice, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Meringue: Four egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.

Pastry: Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolk and lemon juice, mix well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients; if too stiff add little iced water. Roll out on lightly floured board, cut with fancy cutter to fit small pattytins. Prick well, bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes until lightly browned.

Filling: Combine cornflour, sugar, and salt in saucepan. Beat egg-yolks slightly, gradually add grape juice, mix in well. Blend gradually into dry ingredients, stirring until smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat, blend in butter, lemon juice. Cover and cool. Spoon into tart-cases, spread with meringue. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until foamy with salt, cream of tartar. Gradually add sugar, beating constantly until meringue stands in stiff glossy peaks.

CRABMEAT AND MUSHROOMS IN WINE

One pound fresh crabmeat or two 8oz. cans of crabmeat, 1 small can mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine, 1 small finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon curry powder, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup breadcrumbs, extra 1oz. melted butter or substitute, parsley.

Flake crabmeat, removing membranes. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, saute onion lightly. Blend in flour, gradually add

milk and wine. Stir over heat until smooth and bubbling. Add seasoning and curry powder. Continue to cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add crabmeat and mushrooms. Place in one large or individual casseroles. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs which have been previously mixed with the melted butter. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes or until piping hot. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Vivian, 10 Fairway Ave., St. Ives, N.S.W.

IDEAL to serve on hot summer days are these glasses of rich chocolate-flavored milk drink. The prize-winning recipe is given on this page.



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Continuing . . .

THE BACHELOR'S WOOING

from page 27

If he married Barbara, he would, willy-nilly, become a stepfather. That worried him. It wasn't that he didn't like children, but that Barbara's daughter was no child. Jocelyn was nineteen, the apple of her mother's eye, and obviously appallingly spoilt.

"You see, Henry," Barbara would say, "we have been everything to each other for so long. I suppose I have tried to give her everything she wanted. She's so terribly sweet — just a baby, really. She needs to be spoilt!"

Barbara had been a widow for fifteen years, and so Jocelyn had never known the firm and relentless hand of a father's disciplinary measures.

Jocelyn would not be an easy subject for a stepfather whose only experience of teenage girls had been with those on the staff at Madam's Mind — and to them his slightest word was law.

HENRY had yet to make the acquaintance of this complication, for Jocelyn was in her first year at the university; and though he had, dutifully, offered to fetch her whenever she planned a weekend at home, Barbara had always had some very good reason why it would be better if he didn't. "It's terribly sweet of you, Henry, dear, but Jocelyn always gets a lift with someone. And when she's home we have so much to say to each other, just silly girl-talk, you know, that would bore you stiff. We miss each other so dreadfully, because, of course, it's the first time Jocelyn's ever been away from home, poor baby!"

And so for two weekends during the short while he had known Barbara, Henry had been, in the sweetest and most tactful way, denied of Barbara's company because of Jocelyn.

Jocelyn had intruded most tiresomely upon his idyll on other occasions as well; if he took Barbara to an art exhibition, she would linger before some portrait: "Oh, do look, Henry! Now this is really like Jocelyn — her nose and her coloring! Although she's much prettier — but there's a definite look of her!"

At the cinema Barbara would nudge Henry suddenly and whisper: "You heard that last line? It was word for word what Jocelyn said when that boy she couldn't stand was always hanging around!"

Even sitting in the peaceful seclusion of Barbara's garden, Henry was unable to remark on the view being wonderful, or the roses particularly fine, without seeing Barbara's eyes brim and hear her murmur: "And Jocelyn's missing it all this year cooped up in the city!"

Hoping to dissipate this ever present shadow of Jocelyn, Henry had taken Barbara one evening to dine in his penthouse flat (interior decoration by Madam's Mind's lady experts). But Barbara, eyeing the vast lounge with awe, had commented: "Oh, dear, how terribly modern and expensive it is, Henry! Jocelyn would adore it. She's always telling me the cottage is old-fashioned and cluttered!"

"Don't you like it?" Henry had demanded.

"Not very much. It's — lonely. Unhomely. But you mustn't take any notice of what I say, Henry, dear! Jocelyn says I haven't a scrap of taste where interior decoration is concerned."

Since then, Henry had hated the penthouse. A great, lonely barrack of a place it was. He

couldn't think why he'd never noticed it before. And all those clashing colors — hideous! Jocelyn would adore them indeed! That just showed how wrong they were.

If Barbara loved Henry, then there would be great changes in the penthouse. Barbara would transform it. Barbara would make it homely, comfortable, delightful — exactly like her own chintzy, crowded lounge.

Henry turned the car down the narrow road just beyond Marinella township. And there at the far end was the small white weatherboard home that was Barbara's. She wouldn't expect him. He wouldn't give her time to think things over. He would throw himself at her feet. No — he would sweep her off her feet.

He didn't, actually, do that. Barbara was in the garden, crouching in the middle of a newly watered vegetable patch; she wore jeans and a bright, flowered smock; her hands were enveloped in huge gloves and her hair was tousled and bore traces of bright green snail-bait, a package of which was beside her.

She stood up and waved at

FROM THE BIBLE

• "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

(Authorized version.)

• "If anyone wishes to be a follower of mine, he must leave self behind; day after day he must take up his cross, and come with me."

(New English Bible.)

— Luke 9:23.

Henry. And when he plunged toward her she called: "Oh, don't walk on this, Henry! You'll ruin those lovely suede shoes! And my planting! What a marvellous surprise! Do tell me. What do you think of my lettuce?"

Henry, teetering on the edge of the lettuce-bed, flung out his arms, but at that precise moment Barbara turned and stooped down to lay another small pile of death-in-waiting to the snails.

Henry clawed at air: "Barbara, I love you!" he said hoarsely. "I can't live without you. Will you marry me?"

Barbara straightened up to her full height of five feet three inches; she looked at him, and her face was pink and crumpled, for all the world like a Queen Elizabeth rose; her eyes, round and blue, met Henry's, and they were soft and bewildered and kind. She tramped across the lettuce-bed and said: "Oh, dear, I'm afraid I can't possibly. I like you so very much, Henry, dear. But, you see, there's Jocelyn."

"What," asked Henry, "has Jocelyn to do with us?"

"She has nothing to do with you, dear. But she is my whole world!" Barbara flapped the huge gloves. "I couldn't risk hurting her. And, of course, it would hurt her terribly. To have to share me with someone else. And she doesn't know about you, Henry. I never told

her in case she might jump to conclusions about stepfathers and things."

"What's wrong with stepfathers? And things? Let me tell you this, Barbara, stepfathers can be very good for children."

"Stop, please Henry!" Barbara, the most malleable of women, had suddenly developed inflexibility of concrete. "When Jocelyn was a tiny girl, she used to ask me if she would ever have a stepfather, and I promised her faithfully she never would. And nothing will make me break that promise!"

"Look, Jocelyn's nineteen now. Grown-up. She'll probably think quite differently!" Henry was desperate.

"She may be nineteen, but she's far from being grown-up, Henry. She's just a baby still. She needs her mother just as much as she ever did."

"Well, then, presumably she could find a use for a stepfather, too?"

"No, Henry. Certainly not. I refuse to thrust a stepfather on her. Even," added Barbara kindly, "a nice stepfather like you."

"Barbara — couldn't you forget about my being a stepfather?" begged Henry. "Just for a solitary second? Couldn't you consider me as merely a husband? Your husband?"

Barbara said reasonably: "But, Henry, dear, you couldn't be my husband unless you were also Jocelyn's stepfather!"

He made an irritable movement, overbalanced, and fell among lettuces. Barbara, making small, soothing noises about his lovely suede shoes and his nice suit, helped him up and brushed snail-bait off him. "Oh, Henry! I'm so sorry, dear! Let's go inside and I'll sponge your suit and press it. And then I'll fix us a nice little luncheon."

"Luncheon? Don't be ridiculous, Barbara!" He wrenched himself free from her small, fluttering hands.

"But, Henry, please don't be so angry!" Her blue eyes were full of tears, and if he had waited another moment he might have seen something else in their depths, regret or compassion. But he was too much upset to think of anything else but that he must get away as soon as possible. He had been spurned, made to look ridiculous, and offered the ridiculous sop of a nice luncheon. He had gone in search of a wife and found a woman who was all mother.

He drove off without a backward glance. Halfway home he remembered the memo paper. He pulled it from his pocket, tore it into shreds, and flung it to the winds. Henry loves Barbara. Barbara loves — Jocelyn!

His hopes were blasted, his life ruined, all because a spoilt, pampered chit of a girl couldn't have a stepfather thrust upon her!

BACK at Madam's Mind Henry carried out a shock inspection of the store, damp shoes, muddy trousers, and all. The department managers, with harried expressions, ran hither and thither; the senior salesladies longed to offer to minister to him, but knew him too well to dare to do so. Miss Cotton said that she had ordered some hot coffee for him and was told brusquely to drink it herself. Madam's Mind was all shook up.

Henry spent the evening glooming in the penthouse. It appeared even more disgustingly and hopelessly unhomely now. He could have the place redecorated. But he couldn't have Barbara. What was the

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antique pieces of pottery, china, and furniture.



Could you tell me if this teapot is an antique? It has a black spout, handle, and lid, and the body of the teapot is a pale green. The black-and-gold leaf design is outlined with white dots. — Mrs. J. Ward, Wellington, N.Z.

Your teapot (shown at left) was made about 1875.



I have a set of three vases and would like to know their age. They are dark green. — K. Weston, Camden, N.S.W.

This garniture of vases (above) was made about 1880-1890. They could be English, but without inspecting them it is impossible to tell, because similar vases were also made on the Continent. The decoration may be transfer-printed.

WASHING MACHINE GUIDE Get cleaner washes—longer life from your machine

Read why all Leading Makers approve 1962 Surf for your washing machine

Your washing machine is precious and you should make sure that you're giving it the kind of care that will ensure years of trouble-free performance. Leading washing machine makers conducted three-month tests using advanced supplies of

1962 Surf. Things they were looking for were: cleanness of the wash, rinsing ability and the effect of Surf on their machines. Here are the results of these tests. Read what the maker of your washing machine said about 1962 Surf:

RESULTS FROM MANUFACTURERS TESTS

IF YOU OWN A HOOVER

Hoover said: "We've tested 1962 Surf—definitely approve its use. Surf's suds are just right and rinse away most efficiently. Surf beats the soap-scum problem."



THIS IS WHAT SIMPSON SAYS

"Surf was outstanding in our Two Speed Wringer model. Clothes were all wonderfully clean, even by our high standards. When tests ended the machine was show-room clean."



TIP FOR POPE OWNERS

"We recommend Surf for our machines," reports the Pope Company. "In the Spin-o-matic, Surf gave wonderful results at all wash temperatures. No formation of soap-scum in machine."



WHAT KELVINATOR HAS TO SAY

Here is the Kelvinator report: "We found Surf gives an exceptionally clean wash. Surf suds last through the entire wash cycle, yet they rinse away most efficiently, leaving no soapy scum deposit."



THE RESULTS OF WILKINS SERVIS TESTS

Said Wilkins Servis' Production Engineer: "Every item in each 9 lb. load was washed wonderfully clean with Surf. Even after repeated wash-loads, Surf left the machine free of scum."



POINTS FOR LIGHTBURN OWNERS

"We recommend 1962 Surf," said Lightburn. "We're proud of our Automatic and we want all Lightburn owners to be as proud of its washing results. So we say, use Surf every wash."



IF YOU OWN A MALLEYS WHIRLPOOL

Read this report of the Surf Performance Tests. "Washing results—all garments spotlessly clean. Rinsing—the suds rinsed away fast. Machine after use—perfect condition—no scum."



WESTINGHOUSE EXPERTS REPORT

"We tested Surf thoroughly and we unanimously approve Surf's use. Surf's cleaning action is most effective. There were no traces of powder residue or soapy scum. Rollers were clean as new."



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Continuing . . . THE BACHELOR'S WOOING

from page 40

use of a homely looking flat with no Barbara to flutter round in it? What was the use of anything without Barbara?

Delia Morton telephoned to invite him to another of her numerous cocktail parties. Henry refused abruptly, and Delia's faintly acidulous response was salt on his raw wound. "No, too bad! I was counting on you to bring Barbara!"

Delia had introduced him to Barbara. The memory of that evening flooded over him and he put down the receiver morosely. He had been sipping a lonely pre-dinner pink gin at the club when he had heard Delia's "Well—if it isn't Old Henry!" He always resented the way Delia called him Old Henry with a capital "O."

He rose and found himself looking down into a pair of very blue, very kind eyes belonging to a small, plump woman standing beside Delia. He heard Delia's "Barbara—Henry Bassett. He's one of those Bachelors of Big Business. Henry—this is Barbara Blair. She looks up only when she wants to tell the hostess that her daughter is studying much too hard and must have warm milk every night!"

Henry had thought wryly, Delia and her acid—why can't she get it out of her system? Then a small, warm hand was in his. Barbara Blair said something inconsequential, and he followed suit. He took in her soft, pink, crumpled appearance (even her dress was pink and crumpled), her soft, fluffy brown-grey hair, innocent of violent violet or taunting titian rinses.

He ordered drinks for them all—Barbara asked for "something with one of those cherries on a stick"—and he listened to Delia's harsh burn of chatter, round which Barbara's trivial remarks fluttered like soft little moths. And then he didn't listen to Delia any more, but only to Barbara. He accepted with alacrity when

John Morton asked him to join them for dinner.

At dinner the decrepitude induced by Delia's "Old Henry" fell from him like a discarded winter singlet; he became once more the Henry who, though thinning as to hair, was young at heart, thrilled to TV Westerns, and did physical jerks to preserve the erect leanness of his figure.

Barbara listened to whatever he said with flattering attention. She told him: "Now I know why Madam's Mind is so different from other stores. You analyse us, don't you? Quietly and without ruthlessness. And so Madam's Mind never announces 'Everyone will wear this,' but rather 'This is presented for the special, individual You.' And that's so terribly encouraging for women like me who never seem to fit fashions!"

NOT even Delia's cackle of derisive laughter could spoil Henry's pleasure in that compliment. Time flew, and when he saw Barbara beginning to stuff things untidily into a large handbag—gloves, a scarf, a parcel, a rolled-up magazine—while Delia stubbed out a cigarette and looked at her watch, he realised that dinner was over and they were on the point of leaving.

Hastily he asked Barbara if she would dine with him one evening and go to a cinema. "I could come and fetch you. And take you home again, of course. Please say you'll come, Mrs. Blair!" He had not known he could evince such schoolboy eagerness.

Barbara had smiled delightedly: "But—that's terribly kind of you! All that way? Will you really? Then I'd love to come, Mr. Bassett!" Unsubtle, Delia would say. But to Henry her naive capacity for enjoyment had been part

of the charm that hung about her like a fragrance—that and the way in which she took things at their face value. She was the perfect companion. And now, reflected Henry dimly, he had lost her.

The weeks passed and Henry's longing for Barbara was not quenched; it grew more urgent. And then, shortly after the onset of summer had brought Madam's Mind out in all the panoply of Christmas, Barbara telephoned him. Henry began gladly: "Barbara! Oh, my dear!" and she said quickly: "Henry, it's about Jocelyn. I'm so worried about her. She's only just come home and now she says she's going to get a job!"

Henry inquired curiously if Jocelyn were the sole reason for the call, adding that the last person he wanted to discuss was Jocelyn. There was a small, disappointed sound at the other end and then a click. Henry hurled himself back into work. He knew that he had not spoken to Barbara at all as a sensible, middle-aged man would have done. But he was no longer sensible. He was in love. Work was the only panacea.

A week later, on one of his frequent tours of inspection, Henry, mingling with the crowds of shoppers, visited the "Buys For The Baby Beautiful" department. He watched the assistants, especially the temporary ones, with a critical eye; against the fearful odds of the Christmas shopping rush it was more necessary than ever for them to continue to carry out Madam's Mind's tradition of smooth, smiling service.

And then, among the milling mothers, godmothers, grandmothers, expectant mothers, and aunts of all ages, Henry perceived one jarring note.

A man. Moreover, a young man who, to Henry's unerring eye, did not have the air of a proud or prospective papa. Tall, with craggy features contorted into a bashful scowl, he was

To page 44

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE



Superfluous hair can be so offensive—unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble—use new-formula VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever—faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 3/6 a tube; large size 5/6

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The picture above — the structure of a cancer cell as revealed by a Parke-Davis electron microscope—symbolizes a hopeful new era in cancer research.

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To date, no outright cure for cancer has been developed, even though thousands of chemicals have been tested in our laboratories and elsewhere. On occasion, a few have slowed the progress of some forms of the disease and prolonged the lives of patients afflicted with cancer.

This is enough to convince us that we should continue our search for new weapons against cancer.

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PARKE-DAVIS

... PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES

cleaving his way to a counter at the far end of the department.

His object was not matinee jackets or musical rattles, for as Henry's gaze followed his it alighted upon the bright blond turret of hair of a girl—one of the temporary assistants. And the girl, who had now seen the young man, was giving no service, smooth, smiling, or of any kind.

She was simply standing, looking at the craggy scowl with as much rapture as if it had been the smile of her favorite film hero. And then, before the fuming Henry could do more than snort with disgust, the girl had flown from behind the counter, straight to the young man, who enfolded her in his arms.

The senior saleslady came from behind Henry, and he hissed at her: "Send that girl up to my office immediately!" She nodded and went to effect a separation between the

two locked figures. Henry strode into the nearest lift. On the way up he decided that this chit must be made an example of—season of goodwill or no season of goodwill.

He instructed Miss Cotton to send the transgressor in as soon as she arrived, and settled himself at his desk with an appropriately forbidding expression and his spectacles on the end of his nose.

He was almost startled into losing both spectacles and expression when Miss Cotton's most glacial tone announced, "Miss Blair, Mr. Bassett!"

Miss Blair? It was not such an uncommon name, but Barbara had said, "Jocelyn says she's going to take a job!" Henry looked at the girl who stood, with a kind of shy

defiance, before him. And under the turret of bright hair were the large, dark eyes, the small straight nose, and the full, petulant mouth that Henry had seen, in all the seven ages of girlhood and a variety of frames, in Barbara's lounge.

It was Jocelyn. And what, wondered Henry, was Jocelyn doing working in Madam's Mind when she should have been at home with her mother? Then a rough, angry young voice broke in upon his thoughts, "If you're going to give me the sack," it said disrespectfully, "will you get it over and done with, because someone is waiting for me downstairs."

"Indeed?" said Henry sternly. "Sit down, Miss Blair."

She didn't give an inch. "I'd rather stand."

"Possibly. But I told you to sit down," barked Henry.

She sat down. So far, so good. Henry had, grudgingly, to admit that she was extremely pretty. Still, she had behaved disgracefully. And she was spoilt and stubborn. He hadn't been permitted to be her stepfather, but now he was in the unassailable position of being her boss. He cleared his throat.

"And now, Miss Blair, perhaps you will be good enough to explain why you are unable to keep your boyfriend in his place—which is not the

'Buys For The Baby Beautiful' department!"

The brown eyes blazed. "I didn't know he knew where I was! I didn't even know he knew where I was! I haven't any explanation. Or any excuse. Except one you wouldn't understand. We happen to be in love with each other, and we hadn't seen each other for months—well, weeks!"

Henry removed his glasses. Unknowingly, she had hit below the belt. He said, quite gently: "As it happens, I do understand, Jocelyn."

She stared at him, the brown eyes very wide. "But how could you?"

"Because," said Henry, "I happen to be in love myself. With your mother. And I haven't seen her for what seems like months."

She half rose and then sat down again with a bump. "You? And—mother? But I hadn't any idea! She never said a word!"

"No, I know. I asked her to marry me and she refused. Because she had promised never to thrust a stepfather on you."

"But—that was when I was a little kid! If I'd only known! Mr. Bassett, mother's a darling, and I adore her, but she won't face the fact that I'm fully adult. She won't allow me to have any life of my own. I had a terrible fight to get her to consent to my going to the university, and she thinks that when I graduate I'll go back to Marinella and work there in the Arts and Crafts Studio!"

"Why, I'd die—I'd wither! And now there's Geoff. I haven't dared even to mention his name to her, although he asked me to marry him some time ago. I told him I couldn't because of mother, and so, naturally, we quarrelled. Geoff said that if I put mother before him then I didn't love him and we might as well call it off. So we did. Until today."

"I see," Henry rubbed his chin. "And today?"

"Geoff came. I still don't know how he found out I was here. I took the job because I just couldn't stay home with mother fussing at me! Anyway, he came, and he says he's got the job he wanted in the Islands—he's a schoolteacher, you see—and he realised he couldn't go without me and would I marry him right away?"

"And what did you tell him?" Henry held his breath until her answer came very low: "I couldn't help myself. I told him 'yes.'"

"Excellent," said Henry. "In that case I think I could pursue the question of a suitable stepfather for you some more. Would I be suitable, Jocelyn? That is, if your mother thinks I'd pass as a husband."

SHE studied him, and a ghost of a smile hovered round her mouth: "I think you'd be terribly satisfactory, Mr. Bassett."

"But mother may not see it that way at all. I just can't think how I'm going to break it to her about Geoff, and living in the Islands!"

There was a disturbance outside the office. Miss Cotton's anguished voice cried: "But Mr. Bassett's engaged! He can't see anyone!" and then the door opened and in came Barbara.

She said: "You'll see me, Henry, dear, won't you? Because I came to tell you that I've been a silly, short-sighted creature. And that I realised it long before that nice boy arrived this morning demanding Jocelyn!"

Jocelyn's eyes were sparkling: "That's how he knew!"

"Barbara, my dear, this is wonderful! Henry was holding her hand."

"Yes, isn't it? I do like your Geoff, Jocelyn, darling, although he pointed out what an awful octopus of a mother I've been, grasping you with all my tentacles. But, of course, he's right."

"And then after he'd gone it struck me that you might be annoyed. Henry, when he came charging into Madam's Mind and carried Jocelyn off. So I caught the next bus." She looked from Henry to her daughter and back again. "Henry, you were right. I think Jocelyn could find a use for a stepfather."

"I could," Jocelyn said. "I'll have to be given away, you know."

"That's a point," agreed Henry. "But there's a more important one."

"I know what it is," said Barbara. "And oh, Henry, dear, I have married you. Terribly. And not at all as a possible stepfather."

Jocelyn had disappeared—downstairs, doubtless. Henry's arms were round Barbara and he knew that there was no longer any point in interrogation.

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Continuing . . . THE BACHELOR'S WOOING

from page 42



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Continuing . . . THE TENTH BRIDESMAID

Jenny's little sister's voice called: "Jenny, it's for you."

Jenny picked up the receiver, and as she listened her cheeks grew pink, and a look of fright filled her soft grey eyes. It was Madam.

"Oh, Jenny," she said in her clipped voice, "I am glad to find you. Something terribly unfortunate has happened. The young lady whose dress you modelled this morning has been taken to a nursing home. There is no one to take her place. Miss Halliwell has asked me to allow you to walk in the wedding procession."

"But, Madam," Jenny's voice quavered, "I couldn't possibly—I'd die of fright."

"No," said Jenny, and her nervous fear made her voice hard and cold. "No, I am afraid not."

"All right, miss," he looked surprised at her tone, "but young ladies like a bit of publicity sometimes," and he turned away. Then Joy Halliwell arrived, looking like a dream of heaven on her father's arm. The organ played, and slowly she walked down the aisle followed by the flower garden of girls.

At last it was all over, the rush and chatter, the laughter, the posing in groups for the Press and private photographers, and they were back in the Halliwell's beautiful home.

Jenny stood with a glass of champagne in her hand talking shyly to an elderly gentleman with a monocle. Suddenly she looked at the clock; it was half-past three. Madam, she knew, would expect her back before the salon closed.

She made an excuse to the elderly gentleman, finished her champagne, and slipped quietly from the room.

Once away from the crowds she felt back in her own life. She had now to find a servant who would tell her where to change and go back to the salon. She wandered around a little till she saw a green baize door; surely the servants would live behind that. She pushed it open and found herself in a room which was obviously the servants' hall, and there, seated at the table with a large meal spread out in front of him, was the tall young photographer.

He scrambled to his feet. Jenny stood still, the blushes dyeing her pale cheeks.

"Oh, please don't get up," she said. "I am so sorry to disturb you, but I am looking for one of the servants."

His smile died. "You wish to give them some order, I suppose, miss? My aunt is the housekeeper here; I will call her."

"Oh, no," said Jenny, "she sounds awfully important. I only want to know where my clothes have been put."

"Your clothes?" His voice was full of surprise and he eyed the mauve chiffon dress that she wore.

"Yes," explained Jenny, "my outdoor clothes. I've got to get back to the salon or Madam will be cross and I just can't find out where my own clothes are."

"Why, aren't those yours?" "Goodness, no," said Jenny. "They belong to the tenth bridesmaid, but she got appendicitis and Madam sent me along as a stand-in so as not to spoil the effect."

The young man sat down suddenly, threw back his head

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and laughed. "Well, that beats everything. Here have I been mentally kicking you in the pants all the afternoon as an upstage whatsit who wouldn't help the poor Pressmen and you are only Cinderella after all."

Jenny's face clouded—she was hurt. Then she, too, saw how funny it really was and burst into a peal of laughter.

"Look," he said, "I'll find out where your clothes are

and then, if you like to wait till I've had a bite, I'll run you back to Cinderella's kitchen."

Jenny looked longingly at the food. "I suppose," she said, "you couldn't spare a sandwich? I'm most awfully hungry."

Half an hour later Jenny, once more clad in her own clothes and having eaten a hearty meal, prepared to go. She picked up her bag from the table and stood up.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND

from page 21

dow and shouted something like, "Can you get off at the next station?"

As a matter of fact I deciphered the message chiefly by lip-reading, because an underground train is hardly the quietest form of transport when it starts to move. I just had time to nod emphatically at her before she—or, more accurately, I—was whisked out of sight.

Suddenly I was aware of a peculiar sensation in my left foot. I glanced down and saw that the pink poodle was lovingly licking all the polish off my shoe. He looked up at me for a moment and seemed to grin, as if he had just elected me to join in his private conspiracy. His tongue had a

To a Teenage Daughter

Your face is gay,
Your eyes confess
Some secret joy
Which you possess,
I think I know,
I'm sure I'm right,
He's coming up
For tea tonight.

—Marie L. Morley.

changed color from pink to light tan.

I decided to call him Bert. Obviously that was not his name because his owner was definitely not the kind of person to call a pink poodle Bert. But I thought he was entitled to a little compensation in view of his outrageous color.

"It's no use trying to curry favor, Bert," I said severely. "Well-bred poodles do not lose their owners, stow away on Circle Line trains, or lick strange gentlemen's shoes. Next stop and it's back to bondage for you, my lad."

Bert sighed and stopped licking. I picked up the lead and held it firmly. A couple of minutes later we were at Sloane Square. The doors opened and Bert followed me sedately on to the platform.

As it happened, there was quite a crowd at Sloane Square. I don't know whether you have ever tried to stand about looking nonchalant and utterly composed with a pink poodle in tow. If you haven't, I can recommend it as a test of iron nerve, skill, and sheer endurance. Though I say it myself, it's the sort of experience that separates the men from the boys.

Bert was in playful mood. He kept running round my legs, no doubt hoping to tie me up with the lead. It was the sort of prank that would appeal to his doggy sense of humor. And, just to keep the attention of his audience—which included everyone on the station—he in-

"Wait a minute," said the tall young man. "We must drink the health of the bride and groom before we go, it's only polite."

Jenny watched him pour out a glass of wine. She stood holding it solemnly while he proposed the toast. "To the happiness of the bride and bridegroom, coupled with that of the tenth bridesmaid, who, if she does but know it, has done me a very good turn today."

Jenny looked at him wide-eyed and drank the wine. "Me, too," she said.

"I just live in the water"



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Page 45

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 31, 1962

Continuing . . . ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND

I was already standing by the doors, and as they slid back I jumped out. Unfortunately, I nearly fell over backwards because Bert had refused to budge. I had to drag him out of the train by plain brute strength.

A reluctant pink noodle attached to an exasperated man is not an inconspicuous object even on Victoria Station. The girl found us almost immediately. I endeavored to make an ironically formal ceremony of the hand-over. That was my big mistake.

"Madam," I said with some sarcasm, "you cannot possibly imagine what pleasure it gives me to restore Bert to his rightful owner. Our acquaintance has been brief but

memorable. I shall cherish this moment for some time."

I held out the lead to her symbolically between fingers and thumb. At this point, Bert went into his practised escape routine. One sharp tug and he was away.

I never knew a pink poodle with such a fixation on Circle Line trains. Back aboard he romped, emitting one joyous bark. Without a word we both dived after him, the sliding doors crashing together immediately behind us. I tripped over Bert and the girl tripped over me. We were helped to our feet by several passengers over whose heads flat balloons seemed to be forming, each with the single word "mad" printed inside in large, legible type.

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"Why in heaven's name did you let him go again?" she demanded indignantly. "I'm afraid he's in one of his silly moods today."

"I did not let him go," I said with some feeling. "He just took off. And, unfamiliar as I am with Bert's inscrutable moods, I don't see how—"

She cut me off with a look. "His name," she said coldly, "is Orpheus."

You will appreciate that by this time I was beginning to feel just a trifle hysterical. I gazed down at the dog—he was now sitting contentedly at my feet—then I gazed

at the girl. I fought back an insane desire to giggle.

"This is too much," I protested weakly. "A pink poodle is bad enough, but a pink poodle called Orpheus . . ." Words failed me. My mind definitely boggled.

By that time we had reached St. James'. The train ground to a halt and the doors opened. "Good morning, and thank you for your kindness," said the girl, gently prodding Orpheus, "and I'm very sorry you have been troubled."

The poodle gave me a quizzical look, and then followed her on to the platform. I stood there dazed for a moment. Strange things seemed to be happening inside me about six inches higher than break-

fast. Possibly it was all a kind of shock reaction, possibly something else.

"Hi, wait a minute!" As I dashed off the train, I was all but bisected by the closing doors.

The girl turned and eyed me with something rather less than enthusiasm.

"My name is Roger Forward," I babbled. "I am a dedicated bachelor, and I do not like dogs. At least, I was and didn't until Bert—I mean Orpheus—came along and turned everything upside down."

"My name is Susan Sterne," she said, relenting slightly with her eyes. "I am a spinster of this city, and my mother has warned me about entering into conversations with strange young men."

The message was not altogether encouraging, but despite her efforts a wickedly wonderful smile was creeping into the corners of her lips. Realizing that I was, it should have made the hair rise on the back of my neck, yet it only seemed to stimulate the death wish.

"I started out to go to the Tower of London," I explained, "because I couldn't remember when I last saw my ravens . . . but I seem to have lost my taste for ravens."

She lost her battle with the smile. It conquered her completely. "I started out to take Orpheus for a day in the country," she confessed, "but I think he will now have to settle for a small in St. James' Park."

"If you will allow me to accompany you," I said, "it will give me considerable pleasure. I have never strolled in St. James' Park with either a beautiful girl or a pink poodle."

She hesitated. "I am not sure that Mother would approve."

"Let us consult her," I said hurriedly, "in retrospect. Given sufficient time, I can provide her with a bank reference, a letter from my old headmaster, and the condolences of my entire family."

B

ERT—I mean Orpheus—regarded me with interest. He wagged everything waggable and barked his approval.

"Oh, well," said Miss Susan Sterne, "it's not as if we are entirely alone, is it?"

"Indeed not," I agreed, taking the poodle's lead thoughtfully. And so we went out of St. James' Park Station up into the sunshine.

By and large, that is about all there is to tell—well, anyway, all I'm going to tell.

After about half an hour in the park Susan and I were on Christiania terms. After about an hour, I felt as if I had known her all my life and would like to spend the next few decades bringing my knowledge up to date.

I took her out to lunch—Orpheus and all—and in the afternoon we progressed to Green Park, then Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. At one point Orpheus managed to gain his freedom once more for a full half-hour. But by the time we had exchanged half-dozen kisses, disappointed by the lack of pursuit, he voluntarily surrendered.

You know, I never really understood before why a dog is supposed to be man's best friend . . .

All this, of course, happened three weeks ago. And Susan and I have been seeing quite a lot of each other since then. In fact, we have already got to the planning stage.

There's just one thing that bothers me though—our surnames. I don't know whether they should be printed on the wedding invitations as Sterne Forward or Forward-Sterne. Which way you look at it, the result is a truly obtrusive, don't you think?

I rather wish I could talk the matter over with Orpheus. He looks as if he might be an authority on such things.

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STOP FOR BUSHELLS — GO REFRESHED



Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 23

Eileen Flaxman was 44. She made no secret of it. She was a tall woman with greying hair, strong features and a skin creased and browned by the sun. There were two marks between her thick eyebrows like deeply gouged, upside-down commas. She had no sense of humor at all.

There were times when Flora wanted to throw something at Eileen. Her arrival had disrupted the whole routine of the station. She liked to know everything that went on, and expected to be told, for she had none of Lucybelle's intuitions.

In her way she was a well-meaning, generous person; it just never crossed her mind that she antagonised people. She had come to Keralji to

convalesce following a serious attack of influenza. Her body was completely recovered now, but her nerves, her temper, were not.

She had been taken, back to find Flora at Keralji, and it was plain she thought her presence there unnecessary. "Carol should be able to manage the place without bringing a stranger in," she had said once, and she had said it loudly enough for Flora, out on the verandah, to hear.

To her brother and his children—not to Carol—she was deeply devoted. It seemed sometimes though that she was on the defensive about them, though Flora could not understand

why. But it was the Flaxmans against the world for Eileen.

A week ago, she had cornered Flora and thrust a copy of a London magazine at her. She had pointed at a photograph and her faded blue eyes bored into her victim like two drills.

"Surely these are your people, Flora? There's a strong likeness there."

Flora glanced at the magazine and her heart sank. "Yes. They're my parents."

Eileen re-examined the picture ostentatiously. The twitching commas turned black. "Your father is the James MacDonald who built those bridges in India, is he? Your

mother's the contralto, Susan Beckett. Why, I went to one of your mother's concerts when she was touring here. A long time ago, it was."

She looked at Flora accusingly. "That could be," Flora agreed. "She's retired now, though she still makes records. She has a glorious voice."

"You're quite an heiress, then," Eileen went on, and she looked almost angry. "Why on earth are you working here, then? You don't need to."

"I will be inheriting something from my family," Flora told her, hoping all the time that there was no one—Lucybelle in particular—within hearing distance. "Though not as much as you seem to think. We're not rich. But I also inherited a liking for independence."

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stories. She would talk to the children, where with adults she was coy and silent, and for all the weirdness of her English the children understood her every word.

Flora was teaching herself shorthand from a tattered Pimman book Mr. Bonney had given her, and she had begun to write these stories down, when she could do so without being noticed, but even so she could not capture the magic that was Lucybelle.

There was so much about life in the Australian cattle country that held magic for Flora. She felt sometimes that she had not really begun to live, had not extended herself, until she came here. Her decision to work her passage round the world had been nothing more than a means of escaping the sadness that had shadowed her after David's death two years ago, a month before she was to have married him.

She had not really expected anything positive to come from her trip, merely escape from people and places that, it seemed to her then, must always be associated in her mind with David. But now, to her amazement, she was free of that shadow; it belonged to the past, not the present. The last of it had dropped from her under Keralji's white-hot sun. She was alive again, moving forward. Yet her coming to Keralji was the result of an accidental meeting.

She had been working as a receptionist in Sydney at a travel bureau, when she met Peter Ingleby, and it was he who had talked her into applying for the position of governess to his sister's children.

In her heart, Flora had not expected to last very long in the position, for she knew very little about children and their ways, and she was only twenty-four. But she had found Jane and Andrew to be charming, merry, and mischievous, and they for their part accepted her without question. They came to Flora now instead of to their mother, which embarrassed Flora considerably at first, until she came to see that Carol did not mind. Carol was helpless when either of them, eight-year-old Andrew or Jane, who was seven, had anything the matter.

CAROL was ineffective with the aborigines, too. Flora was well aware that it was she, not Carol, who carried the real responsibility of the homestead. Up till about a year ago it had been Eileen, Brian Flaxman's sister, who had made her home there, though Flora wondered sometimes whether that aggressively competent woman's presence, year after year, had not a lot to do with Carol's vagueness and inability to cope.

After Eileen had finally moved out and before her own arrival four months ago, there had been only Mrs. Mindy, passionately loyal to Carol, to see that the men were fed and the children clothed properly and patched when they cut themselves.

Flora would never forget Mrs. Mindy's face when that indomitable woman realised that there was a new power in the household and she could relax again and have her sleep out in the afternoons. Mrs. Mindy discovered that though Flora's mother was an Australian, her father was a Scot, and so, having consulted her dog-eared grease-spotted cook-book, she prepared a plate of Yorkshire pudding.

Nobody had ever told her the difference between a Scot and an Englishman, and she was very proud of the pudding which was as hard as cardboard, and as awful to eat. Flora, however, ate it. She was very fond of Mrs. Mindy.

Carol Flaxman sewed and read magazines and experimented with make-up and fashions. Time slipped between her fingers. She spent hours every day in her room, lying down. Whenever a fight flared up in the kitchen, she would just go away and then Flora would have to leave the children to sort things out.

She asked Flora questions about Europe, for she dreamed of going there one day, when the children were older and at boarding school. She had a lot of dreams; too many, Flora thought, and her husband figured in none of them. Flora herself did not mind talking about London and the places she had visited, since it pleased Carol so, but she did not talk about her own affairs. She wanted to keep her background to herself.

She succeeded very well until Eileen arrived for a visit.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 31, 1962



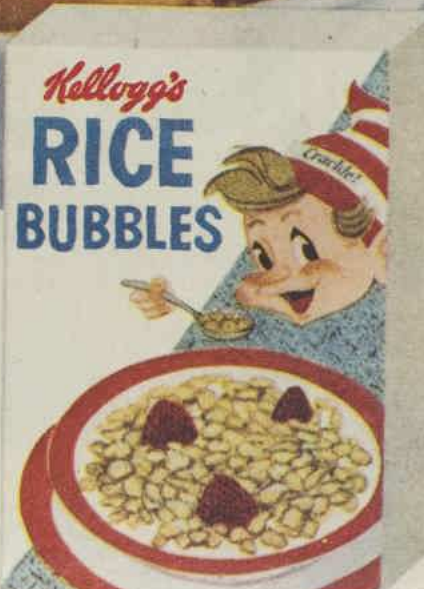
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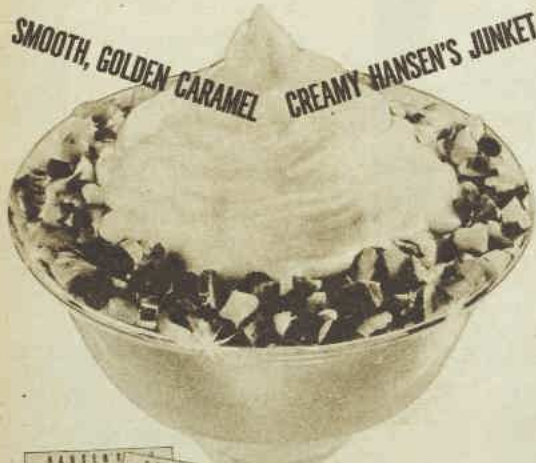
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make this delicious new junket dessert

- CARAMEL SMOOTHIE.**
- Melt $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar over moderate heat, stirring constantly.
 - Add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water and cook until syrup is golden brown and reduced to about $\frac{1}{3}$ cup. Cool to luke warm.
 - Heat 2 cups milk to luke warm and add slowly to syrup with 1 teaspoon vanilla.
 - Dissolve 1 Hansen's Plain Junket Tablet in a little water and add to mixture.
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- plain
- pineapple
- strawberry
- raspberry
- cherry
- almond

**HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS**

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 47

"My parents enjoy work. Dad's retired now, but he's been asked to accept an important post with United Nations and he's taking it on. Mother's always worked hard. I like being busy, too. Is that so very odd? I thought, in Australia, it was what you are that counts, not what you have."

Eileen was taken aback. "It's your business, I suppose," she said rather stiffly. "It must be very pleasant knowing you can walk out on a job any time. Very pleasant, indeed."

Flora was furious. "I've never walked out on a job yet, and I don't mean to. I like it here. And I'd be obliged if you wouldn't tell the others what you've found out and what I've told you. Mr. Flaxman knows, of course, but no one else. It is my business, actually."

EILEEN looked at her rather strangely. "Very well, if that's the way you want it."

After she was gone, Flora, considerably shaken, picked up the magazine and took it to her room, where she dropped into a chair and stared hard at the photograph. She loved her parents deeply. Just to see them pictured there was to experience happiness. No matter how far away they might be, in her heart they were close.

The thought came to her suddenly that her parents would like Peter Ingleby, and she smiled, for it seemed important and desirable that they should. Then she realised what she was thinking, and this startled her so much that she sat completely still and did not notice when the magazine slipped from her relaxed fingers and fluttered to the floor.

This was the first time she had thought like that, about a man, since David had died. She had believed she would never feel that way again, about anybody. There had been a

numbness about her heart, and in the deep stillness of night sometimes she had cried bitterly at the desolation of it. Her life had seemed to stretch ahead of her, endless and lonely. But not now . . .

Lifting her head, Flora saw straight ahead of her the deep-water bore that Peter had said must be watched for.

The hut was deserted. It was a tin-roofed, slab-walled structure and its door hung open on a broken hinge. It was a ridiculously small building for the vast spread of land about it; a thimble in Westminster Abbey.

Flora halted Doonin and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked for the lagoon, for Mickey Matchett's caravan. She saw it away to the east, seeming to sway in mid-air because of the heat haze. It appeared to be a long, long way off, but that was just one of the many tricks the heat played upon human eyes. She would gallop toward it and suddenly she would be there.

She did not set out straight away, however, but hesitated.

There was a profound stillness here and it seemed to Flora that it held a peculiar significance which she would only catch if she stayed quite still and waited. There was no sound only that of the hard dry wind blowing eastwards, the whisper of leaves above the waterhole. The silence was almost unbearable. But something seemed to speak in her mind. "Don't go ahead," as if this were in some strange way a point of no return. Against all reason, she wanted to obey that voice. To do so meant that she would not have to speak to Mickey Matchett.

Flora took out her comb and ran it through her hair, retied the green ribbon that kept her dark red hair in place at her neck. Her fingers had a slight tremble in them.

"I'm going nuts," she said aloud, urging Doonin forward

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Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 55. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ullmarra, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Golden Circle salads



"Salad Royal"



1 can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE, 6 slices cooked corned beef, ham or pressed bacon, 1½ cups potato salad, thick slices white onion, firm red tomatoes cut into quarters, scored and sliced cucumber, lettuce, strips red capsicum, radishes. Press pairs of slices together and freeze in ice cube tray of refrigerator. At serving time, arrange crisp lettuce leaves on serving platter. Place spoonful of potato salad on each slice of meat and roll up. Garnish ends with pieces of capsicum. Arrange the frozen slices of pineapple down the centre of the plate, securing with a section of thick onion slice held firm with tomato quarters. Place carrot 'crowns' between pairs of pineapple slices, surround with meat rolls and salad vegetables and serve with prepared mayonnaise.



THIS QUICK DESSERT IS PRETTY ENOUGH FOR A PARTY!

Make it with one 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE, 1 packet raspberry jelly crystals, and whipped cream. Drain syrup from pineapple slices and measure into saucepan with sufficient water to make 2 cupfuls. Bring to boiling point, pour over jelly crystals, stir with fork until dissolved. Cool, pour into individual moulds or 1 large one. Chill till firm. Unmould on serving plate, surround with pineapple slices, and serve with whipped cream.

Tropical

Golden Circle SLICED PINEAPPLE

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, QLD.

again. "Imagining things. Flora MacDonald, you need a psychiatrist. Fast."

But every day fear had been growing on her, casting its long forward shadow across her sleep and now all of a sudden it was in the saddle with her on the horse. It had followed her, as silent as a black man on track, stepping where she stepped, waiting for her in the shade of Chinaman's Tree, riding with her to this lonely place.

Mickey Matchett had to do with that fear. It was a month since he had parked his caravan near the lagoon (to paint the birdlife he had said), three weeks since he had come to dinner at Keralji. He had not been invited again, which was odd, for though he was an uncultured man, he was a human being and visitors were always welcome in the outback.

Whatever was wrong at Keralji, and something certainly was, it had started with Mickey Matchett's visit, of that Flora was convinced. She had given a lot of thought to it. He had introduced two names into the conversation at dinner, had asked questions, and it had happened, it had started then, the tension. It was still there after Matchett was gone: fear, a bad odor in the house.

Before he came Flora had not even heard of Karl and Ilse Meyer. Thinking about it afterwards, she realised this was odd for what had happened to them was so extraordinary that it should have been talked about. But their names had never been spoken

Mickey Matchett's caravan had originally been white with a silver streak down the side, but now it needed a wash. So did Mickey Matchett.

He was sitting at a card table under the trees when Flora approached, and he stood up and waved. He was a short, stout man in a floral shirt and green shorts. His hair was a faded brown, curling tightly into his head like the wool of an astrakhan cap.

"Hi, Miss," he greeted her, "come and have a cuppa. I put it on when I saw you on the way."

"I'd love some. Thanks very much."

There was a shallow depth of water in the lagoon. Flora made Doonin comfortable, then approached the table.

Near the caravan was an easel, for Matchett was an artist, he said. Flora paused to look at his picture, and she was so taken aback that she nearly burst out laughing. There indeed was the lagoon, with its reeds and weeds and flat water-lilies and dark muddy water, there were the birds at rest and flying about, there was the sun a small yellow blob up in the right-hand corner. It was deplorable, a joke. She could do better herself, and she was untrained. So, it was borne in upon her, was Mickey Matchett.

She turned away to find him grinning at her.

Then she saw the black. He had risen from where he had been squatting, in the shadow of the caravan. Flora could not understand that she had not seen him before. Now, without looking at her, he

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moved away. He was a tall man, thin, and muscular, his skin a dusty charcoal. He was practically naked and carried a spear. But he walked as on oiled feet, soundlessly, smoothly, as a bird will skim the surface of water. Flora caught her breath at the perfection of his movement.

"Myall," Matchett explained. "Wild boy. You seen their

never so glorious, so welcome, as it was in this land.

"Take that Lucybelle now," Matchett went on, wiping his hands on the out-hanging tail of his shirt. "She'll go off with Hitler and be a good wife to him. She won't complain if he beats her or takes another

"You're not an artist at all," Flora went on, and added, rather breathlessly, "You couldn't be an artist and paint like that. What are you, then? A detective, maybe?"

He grinned and sent her a slanting glance. It occurred to her that he was intelligent, a dangerous little man.

"A detective? Me? What would I be investigating, now?"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

camp, haven't you? Real wild, that mob. They'll be moving out when the river's up. That one's Hitler. I christened him that, and if you knew him like I do, you'd understand why. He's your Lucybelle's boy-friend. You can say goodbye to her, y'know. He's only gotta crook his finger and she'll be off."

"Do you really think so?" Flora looked at the graceless, obese, dumpy Matchett with a sense of anti-climax. "She wouldn't go back to tribal life, would she?"

Yet that was the man at whom Lucybelle had pointed, about whom she had said: "Him my man." There had been finality behind the words, for all the giggle.

Matchett looked annoyed. "My word she will. She comes from his tribe, Miss. Had TB and the police brought her in for treatment a year or two back. That sister of Boss Flaxman's fetched her out here, wants to civilise her or something. Waste of time. She'll be off, you'll see."

FLORA asked, "What was Hitler doing here?" She sat down. She remembered Eileen Flaxman and Mickey Matchett debating the aboriginal question heatedly at that memorable dinner. Flora, however, was not so much interested in the problem of the aborigines as in the people themselves.

They were a strange race. They built no cities, established no settlements, had no written history. What they had had lived in the memories of the old men and the old men were growing older, dying. It seemed sad that this people, with their long past and inimitable manner of life, should change, should cease to be.

"Hitler?" Matchett said. The water for tea was nearly ready now. "Paying a call, like you. I get on with the blacks, Miss. Lived with 'em for a while, in me younger days. I can talk to 'em. And I leave 'em alone. That's what they like, to be left alone. It's not much to ask."

Flora sympathised with him, but it was not as easy as that. "But the world is changing around them," she pointed out, "their land is being used. They must be assimilated. It's inevitable, I suppose."

"Assimilated me foot. They've got their own ways and they're entitled to 'em." Matchett laid out two blue china cups, one with a chip out of it. Flora smiled to herself, remembering the exquisite precision of the tea ritual at home. But tea was

woman. She'll look like an old witch when she's forty, if she lives that long. But if that's what she wants, then let her have it, I say. Now, Miss, to what do I owe the pleasure of this call?"

"Mr. Flaxman wants you to bring your caravan to the homestead before the river comes down," Flora told him. "He thinks it could be dangerous here. Uncomfortable, anyway."

She knew that it was only pressure from Peter that had made Brian Flaxman issue this invitation. He did not want Matchett near the homestead; he could hardly bring himself to speak the man's name. From the twinkle in Matchett's blue eyes she wondered if he suspected something of this.

"I'll do that," he said. "You won't know this place in a day or so. Very nice of him, I'm sure. It's going to rain to-night, really come down."

Flora believed him. There was a fat brown teapot on the table now and she took possession of it, as clearly she was expected to. Matchett sat back and watched her benevolently.

She poured the tea. The wind had dropped and it was pleasant sitting in the shade of the high trees with the smell of the strong sweet tea tickling the nostrils. Matchett sighed comfortably and looked out across the lagoon. Flora followed his gaze. There were thousands of birds there and they seemed to be accustomed to Matchett, though her arrival on Doonin had disturbed those nearest the caravan.

A flock of big, long-legged white cranes, which had risen into the air like an immense sheet lifting in a wind, were settling back to the water now. There were birds everywhere. The sound of them was chaotic, but cheerful. It was hard to believe that so close there was the hut and the stillness.

Yet the hut was real; as was her fear.

Flora felt suddenly rebellious about the situation. Her fear was formless, and because it was formless it was the more terrifying. She had felt, that night Matchett dined at Keralji, as though everyone else shared a secret from which she was excluded. She still felt this way sometimes. It was an essential part of the unease that possessed her.

She stirred her tea. "I looked at your picture there, Mr. Matchett," she began. "Of the lagoon, isn't it?"

"You recognised it, did you? Bully for me."

"Got that good-to-be-alive feeling again . . ."

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SOOTHE HOT FEET BEAT PRICKLY HEAT



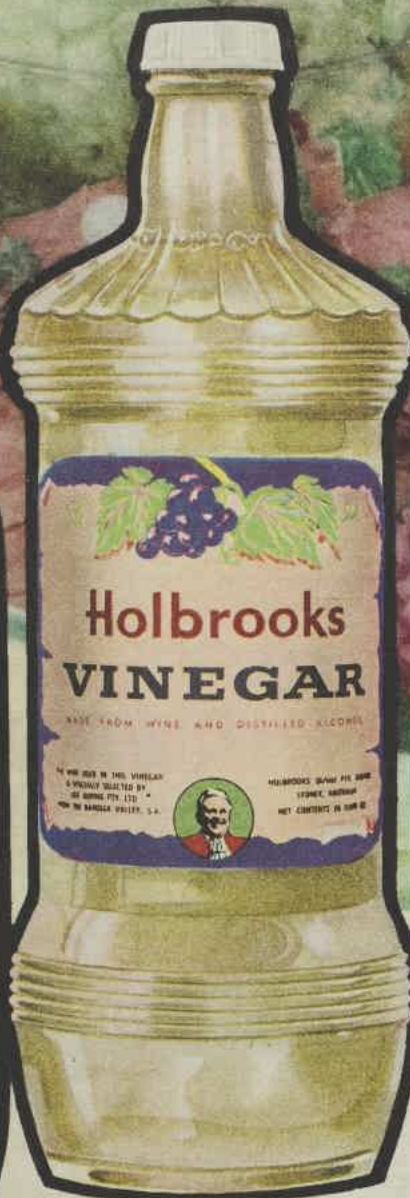
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of all minor skin irritations!

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for YOUR
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It's concentrated—makes five large bottles of Mint Sauce.

Add Holbrooks Capers to your favourite white sauce—they'll give a wonderful lift to its flavour!

STEAK DIANE—with the difference

Two pieces undercut of bladebone or fillet steak • 1 dessert-spoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce • 1 clove garlic (optional) • 2 tablespoons chopped parsley • 1 oz. butter. Heat butter in pan. Cook meat, flattened with rolling pin, 3 minutes each side. Remove from pan to warm plates. To pan add crushed garlic, chopped parsley, Worcestershire Sauce, more butter if necessary. Heat until bubbling, pour over meat. Serves 2.

HOT CORNED BEEF SAUCE—

doubles as salad dressing!

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Mustard Sauce • 1 level tablespoon flour • 1 level tablespoon butter • 1/2 pint milk • 1/2 level teaspoon salt • 1 teaspoon vinegar (optional).

Melt butter in saucepan but do not boil. Add flour, salt and Mustard Sauce. Stir slowly until smooth, add milk and bring to boil, stirring all the time. Remove from heat, add vinegar. Serve over hot corned beef. Serve cold as a salad dressing.

KEDGEREE for the families

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Anchovy Sauce • 1 medium chopped onion • 1 oz. butter or margarine • 8 ozs. rice • 2 hard-boiled eggs • 1 tablespoon chopped parsley • juice of 1/2 lemon • salt and pepper if necessary.

Cook rice in large saucepan of boiling salted water for 12 minutes. Fry onion in butter or margarine. Stir in the well-drained cooked rice, the Anchovy Sauce, lemon juice, and season with salt and pepper if necessary. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped egg and parsley.

SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE—ever so easy

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Sweet Ketchup • 1 onion • 1 capsicum • 1 tablespoon lard • 1/3 cup pineapple pulp (cushed or pieced) • 1 cup stock or water • 2 teaspoons sugar • lemon juice • 1 level teaspoon cornflour • salt and pepper to taste.

Chop onion and capsicum finely and fry in lard until lightly brown. Add pineapple, sugar, Sweet Ketchup, stock and seasoning. Simmer 1/2 hour, thicken with blended cornflour and cook 3 minutes. Add sufficient lemon juice to flavour, serve with pork, fish or chicken.



OLIVE PINWHEELS. Mix can drained, faked tuna with 1 dozen finely chopped olives. Rub 5 ozs. margarine into 8 ozs. self raising flour, make into firm dough with cold water, roll out, spread with mixture, roll up tightly. Chill. Cut into 1/2" slices. Bake in hot oven 1/2 hour.

TARTARE SAUCE with gherkins. Put 1 cup mayonnaise into bowl, add 2 tablespoons each chopped gherkins, green olives, 1 tablespoon each grated onion, chopped parsley, chopped green capsicum (optional), good squeeze lemon juice, few capers. Season with pepper, salt, few drops Tabasco. Serve with fried fish, prawns or scallops.

MARASCHINO PARTY PINEAPPLE. Leaving top on pineapple, cut in halves lengthways, removing core. Loosen flesh around edges and underneath, with grapefruit knife. Leaving pineapple in core, cut into squares (don't pierce skin or juice will escape), put maraschino cherry on each square, securing with toothpick. Sprinkle over maraschino juice and cherry. Chill.

"In the Hole. West side of the lagoon, you can't see it here. It's deep round there, real deep. That car was in the one place for miles and miles where it wouldn't be seen—or looked for. Way off their route."

"Y'see, Miss, nobody missed them for a while after they were lost. They were supposed to be driving round Australia, taking photos. Karl Meyer was in the photography business and his sister was a singer. Not long out here. Didn't have no friends to ask questions, to go looking for 'em. It was weeks before they were missed, and by then it'd rained a bit. No tracks. Nobody thought of looking in the Hole. Or if they did, they didn't look."

There was something in the way he uttered the last words that made Flora shiver. "But it was an accident, wasn't it? I mean, they were lost."

He raised his eyebrows. "Funny sort of accident. Hitler says they was shot. Both of them. There's a gun in the car, he says. The water's down now, you can see clear."

"Have you been out there?" Flora asked.

"No. I'm not going out. Y'see, Miss, I knew Ilse Meyer. I was going to marry that girl. Though he was an unimpressive man and Ilse Meyer had been beautiful—Peter had said so; not a young woman, but beautiful—Flora did not smile.

"She was wearing me ring, Miss. That's why I'm in-

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terested, y'see. She hadn't been here long, and she had a lot of men after her, but she'd have married me in the end. The men who fell for her, they wasn't interested in marriage. I was. I'm the only one who's come looking for her. The only one. And I found her. I always do what I say I'll do."

Flora believed him.

HER tea was cooler now, and she gulped it down. "Why didn't you come before?"

"Because I couldn't, that's why. Doped a horse and got caught. In clink. I wouldn't have let her come up here if I'd been out."

He rolled a cigarette. Flora watched him, fascinated by the precision of his movements. Not a flake of tobacco was spilled. He said: "She was a singer, in nightclubs. I suppose you're wondering why she came up here. Well, I'll tell you. She came up here to see her husband. That's why she came."

He looked up quickly, perceived the consternation on her face. He smiled to himself. It was, he thought, a pleasure to look at Flora, that she was very lovely indeed in her green shirt and khaki riding pants.

His mood had been black before she came, but she had done him good. He liked the grey green ribbon. He had a keen eye for quality, for class, though he lacked it himself. He

had a part interest in a nightclub and he liked to have one good act on the floor, even if the rest was sexy trash: a good singer, a dancer who danced true. He had picked Ilse Meyer because her voice had a Dietrich quality.

He had not expected to fall in love with her, really to love her, but he had. She had not pretended to love him, but she liked, trusted him. In her own way she had been honest. Not honest as was this girl opposite; he did not even expect it. Ilse had lived in Berlin through the war and during the Occupation and she had kept alive the only way she knew, through men. She was ready to go on living that way, for she had not only lost her illusions, she had forgotten ever having had them.

But there was an honesty at the heart of her. She would have married him, in the end, he knew that. She had laughed when he first asked her, but she had been moved, he could see that. Time, that was all she had needed. She had not been allowed to have it.

He looked at Flora and felt a sadness, almost an envy.

"He's a lucky bloke," he said softly.

She glanced at him. "Who?" "Your boy-friend. Ingelby. He's written a book, they tell me, about the blacks and their legends. Clever lad. Went

round the world a year or two back, didn't he?"

"Yes," Flora said, startled. "Yes, that's right."

"He was here when they was lost, wasn't he? The Meyers?"

"I really don't know." Flora heard herself say it and was amazed. For she did know: Peter had been at Keralji.

She finished her tea, stood up. "I must go."

"I've enjoyed your company, Miss. A real pleasure."

Mounted on Doonin, Flora turned to look down at Matchett. He was regarding her very seriously, and she wished she knew what he was thinking.

"It wasn't an accident, of course," she said. She did not ask a question, she just stated it. "Somebody shot them and ran their car into the lagoon so it wouldn't be found."

"Oh, it was suicide, Miss. That's what they'll say. You'll see. Suicide. I'd bet money on it."

"Where is her husband? You said she came to see him."

Matchett grinned. "Aha! That's the sixty-four dollar question. He's kept mighty quiet all the time, Miss. I don't think he's going to put himself forward now. Meyer was her own name, of course. They were divorced."

He was not going to tell her.

Flora turned Doonin. Matchett waved. "Good-bye, Miss."

Give me regards to Boss Flaxman. I'll be over tomorrow."

He added, and he was not smiling: "Take care of yourself."

Flora returned round Chinaman Hill. One glance at the station told her something unusual had taken place.

Keralji no longer gave the impression of being empty, as it had before she set out. That eerie sensation, like that of a deserted stage, was gone.

There were people all over the place, people whose work would normally keep them absent during the day.

Having left Doonin in the care of Andy at the stable, Flora set out for the house. On the way she met Brian Flaxman. Accompanied by a shy man named Joe Donald, he was making for the big truck.

FLAXMAN was a tall man, broad of shoulder and heavy, but he was not fat. He looked younger than his 46 years in his face, but his thick hair was grey. He walked lightly on the balls of his feet, and Flora was reminded, to her own surprise, of the aboriginal Hitler. Just as she could not imagine Hitler in a Western suit, so she could not visualise Brian Flaxman living to city routine. He would look quite absurd on a bus. For him, indeed, the city would be a lonely place. He would have no identity there.

He nodded to her, but seemed to be thinking of something else. "We've had some disturbing news, Flora. The car belonging to those two people who got lost last year

has been found. We're on our way out there now."

"Oh," Flora said. "It's in the lagoon. We've got to go and pull it out before the river fills."

There was a grimace about his mouth that she did not like to see.

He went on his way, followed by Joe Donald, the truck expert, who, in passing, gave Flora a look of concentration if mute devotion. Flora knew because Carol had told her—Carol when gay was charming—that all the men employed at Keralji had invested in their appearance since her, Flora's arrival. One had even bought a sombrero.

They were quiet men who kept to their own quarters, were so set in the complete masculine life they lived that they had no small-talk with women, though few city women were treated with such courtesy or respect as Flora had encountered here.

The men liked Flora because she rode well, and was natural easy in her manner. They had accepted her at once, as she had never quite accepted Carol Flaxman. It was generally believed that Carol hated the men back, and the men felt that they were included in this black ket emotion, so they kept away from the main homestead as much as they could.

There had, however, been an increasing tendency to visit there on some excuse or other since Flora's arrival. Mrs. Mindy thought it was a tremendous joke.

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***** AS I READ ***** **THE STARS**

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting January 29

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.</p> | <p>★ Your organisations may plan a new season of activities, or you join a new group. You may be included in a charmed circle hitherto closed to you. Be cautious among sensitive people.</p> |
| <p>TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Thursday.</p> | <p>★ A new interest in your work will make tasks easier. You may branch out in a new direction. For some a romance is on the cards, but the path of love may not be smooth.</p> |
| <p>GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p> | <p>★ Many younger subjects will be considering further education to qualify for a higher post. Others start a new job among strangers. Some move to a new district with a new way of life.</p> |
| <p>CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.</p> | <p>★ Whatever you undertake there's not only success but something extra. You may find a little extra cash gives you the chance to change or expand your plans. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.</p> |
| <p>LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p> | <p>★ Only if everyone pulls together can anything be accomplished this week. The same applies to sporting events. If your beloved displeases you, pass it over in silence unless grave matters are involved.</p> |
| <p>VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Thursday.</p> | <p>★ If you've been having fun you now decide to catch up with neglected tasks in preparation for a new chapter starting in a fortnight. Don't expect romance to occupy the foreground.</p> |
| <p>LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, silver, blue.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.</p> | <p>★ A first date could spell love at first sight. You may be kissed in the dark by a handsome stranger, or a former friend appears glamorous. Your romance may grow into a life partnership.</p> |
| <p>SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brn., green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.</p> | <p>★ Home looks very attractive and you feel like settling down for a while. Changes in the household can take the form of new routines, or perhaps a new job for a member of the family.</p> |
| <p>SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.</p> | <p>★ New enterprises are under smiling stars. Choose an ambition, no matter how modest, then seek ways to realise it. Find out all you can, then proceed along practical lines. There's success ahead.</p> |
| <p>CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brn.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.</p> | <p>★ You've come out better than you expected in practical matters. Those seeking a job, especially a first job, are under good aspects. An influential elder could be a factor in your affairs.</p> |
| <p>AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p> | <p>★ How you get on with these around you is of paramount importance. Good relations with everyone will enable you to function in top gear. Many a romance will be sudden and dramatic.</p> |
| <p>PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.</p> | <p>★ You have a secret—M. eligible, your engagement, or, if a young married, an addition to the family. In some cases the secret belongs not to you but to one you love. The news will give joy.</p> |

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JANUARY 31, 1951

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 52

Mrs. Mindy was standing outside the kitchen now, talking to Mary, the maid. Lucybelle was there, too, and seeing Flora approach, she came away from the kitchen to wave, to call loudly: "Lo, Missy. Hot day!" She had put on her best dress, a delphinium-blue cotton with a scalloped neck which was as bright as a blue explosion under the strong sun. She was clearly enjoying the day's sensation.

Peter Ingleby was on the verandah. Flora moved toward him. He had his back to her, but he had heard Lucybelle's shout, for he turned round.

The others were there: Carol, Eileen, Mr. Bonney. They all watched her come.

Peter towered over them all. He was taller even than Brian Flaxman, and was lean as the other was heavy. It had originally puzzled Flora, the difference in his looks from Carol. He was dark, his hair was straight, his face had an Irish look to it, while Carol was tiny and fair, with large brown eyes that needed no make-up to become fashionably exotic. Then she had discovered that they were, in fact, not related at all, that Carol had been adopted into the Ingleby family.

PETER regarded Carol as his sister. It never occurred to him to do otherwise, but Carol's mind was not so easy. Sometimes, when Flora was describing an incident in her own happy childhood, she caught Carol looking at her strangely. This was how people had looked at Marco Polo, no doubt, wondering whether he was telling the truth or whether he was deluding himself.

Once, after Eileen had accused her of heartlessness over smacking Jane for some trifle, Carol—a different Carol from the rather superficial woman Flora thought she knew—had said:

"I don't understand them, Flora. I feel they're only staying here, and all of a sudden they'll go away. I feel that way about everything."

Flora had been taken aback. "But you love them, Carol. That's the main thing they need."

"I don't think I know how to love people. Nobody's ever loved me."

They had been interrupted then, but Flora did not forget what was said.

She mounted the verandah.

Eileen looked at her importantly. She always took precedence over Carol, and Carol never protested. "I suppose my brother has told you, my dear. A terrible thing. Terrible. I always knew something like this had happened."

"Yes," Flora said. "Yes, he told me."

"It's a good thing," Peter smiled at her. He saw that she was tense, for he went on: "That sort of thing happens out here; it's inevitable. It's a hard land, a frontier. I suppose you could call it. But it has compensations."

"I hope he won't bring them here," Carol remarked. She often referred to her husband as

he rather than by his christian name. "I couldn't bear it."

Eileen was going to say something, something caustic, but Peter spoke first: "The police sergeant will be here tomorrow, Sis. Don't worry about it. What I can't understand is, how they came to get into the Hole. They were miles out of their way. It wasn't as if they were driving at night."

He was really worried about it, Flora could see, and she was glad. She liked people who went to the heart of facts.

Mr. Bonney looked up at this. "In the Hole, was he?"

"They were shot," Flora said.

Everyone looked at her. She went on. "Mr. Matchett told me. There's a gun in the car; he found it out from the blacks."

For half a minute, silence. Then: "A suicide pact," Eileen declared, with a decisive nod, though her face seemed to have tightened, to have aged suddenly. "I thought there was something not quite right about them. I didn't trust the woman."

"She's dead," Peter pointed out, his face expressionless.

"And by her own hand, I don't doubt. They should never have been allowed into this country in the first place. Well, I only hope there isn't going to be a lot of unpleasantness about it."

"They'll say it's suicide," Matchett had said, and suddenly Flora was fed up with Eileen, sick to death of her. Ilse Meyer had been an alien, a self-seeking woman, no doubt, but she had been a woman, beautiful, and more than anything else, she had been alive.

"Mr. Matchett thinks they were murdered," she said into the silence that followed Eileen's pronouncement. "He says they came up here to see Ilse Meyer's husband."

Nothing was said, they simply looked at her. The silence hurt.

Flora knew now how Carol felt—on the outside. They all knew things which she did not know, they wished she would go away, drop dead. She could not bring herself to look at Peter, lest the expression on Eileen's face, on Mr. Bonney's, even on Carol's, was repeated on his.

It was almost tangible now. Fear.

The morning brought Mickey Matchett.

He wouldn't come, Flora had said to herself on waking, he wouldn't come, he couldn't come. He was not wanted, he must know that. Brian Flaxman's suggestion that he bring his caravan to the homestead to escape the probable flooding of the lagoon had been a courtesy, nothing more, a courtesy imposed by the outbreak itself where hospitality was almost an obligation, even between enemies.

That Flaxman and Matchett were, if not enemies, then mutually antagonistic, had been made plain the night Matchett came to dinner at Keralji. He had gone out of his way, that evening, to bait the station owner. His own experience, so different from Flaxman's, had given him an outlook on life that smacked of the irresponsible.

It was Matchett that mattered to Matchett, where, for Brian Flaxman, it was Keralji; the people who worked there and contributed to its life, the cattle which were his charge as well as the source of his income—he had once risked his

life to rescue an unfortunate beast which was stranded in rising flood waters. Matchett was a shady man, a man who lived outside, and off, society. He made no attempt to conceal his background; rather he flaunted it, telling stories of his nightclub, of his adventures as a sheep-shearer years before when he had helped organise a strike, that made Flaxman, a conservative to the backbone, glower at his plate and Eileen shift in her chair with suppressed anger.

He was irrepressible. Then he brought up the subject of the Meyers and the mystery of their disappearance after driving away from Keralji. It had struck Flora, even then, that he had deliberately enraged everyone in the hope that somebody would give something away. He had known exactly what he was doing.

Flaxman had not invited Matchett to dinner again. "The man's a crook," he said later. "He's not here to paint pictures. He's hiding out. From the police, probably. A city back street's the right place for him." The very thought of Matchett infuriated him.

So it seemed unbelievable that Matchett would really take advantage of the reluctantly issued invitation to come to Keralji. Surely, Flora reasoned, no one could be as thick-skinned as that. But he came.

"If I say I'll do a thing, I do it, Miss," he had said. "You'll see me tomorrow for sure. There's going to be the father and mother of all storms tonight. Real rain."

The storm had indeed been such as Flora had never before experienced. Waking to it out of a troubled sleep she had at first fancied she was in London again, a child, lying in bed while above her in the black night the blitz cracked all creation. After a while she could stand it no longer, that feeling of helplessness, of nerve-tight waiting, and she pulled on her dressing-gown and went out.

FROM the front verandah she could hear voices, but she did not go out to see who was there to join them. Somebody had left a candle burning just inside the side door where the wind could not extinguish it, and it was here that Flora went. The candle's shifting glow relieved the pitchy darkness which otherwise would have been unendurable.

Clasping her gown tightly about her, she peered out at the night. Never, never, had she seen such a storm.

From horizon to horizon the entire sky thundered and shook. Black that sky was, the very antithesis of light; black, tar-black, boiling. Lightning, skeletal cobwebs of white-hot dazzle, blinding bright, exploded toward the earth, illuminating the distant hills like Olympian fire-crackers. The rain came in bursts. One minute there was only the quivering dark, the next a wall of bearded glass-linked sky and earth.

It was impossible to see beyond the candle's dim light when the rain came. All electricity in the homestead was turned off, lest it draw down one of those sizzling bolts which would strike everything into ashes. There was only the dark, and the feeling of life within oneself as small, as vulnerable as the candle's flame.

All at once Flora remembered the children, and she turned immediately and retraced her steps. Too much to hope that they would be without fear on such a night, though they had gone to bed tired out. Had she been a child, she would have been frightened.

Jane was not in her room. Flora guessed where she would

be, however, and when she went into Andrew's room she found the little girl sound asleep, with her brother's arms around her. Andrew was awake.

"She's okay now, Flora," he whispered. "She was scared of that bunyip."

Somebody had told Jane about the bunyip, the mythical phantasmagorical creature which inhabits lonely water-holes and bellows horribly in the night, and the idea of this monster had made a deep mark on the little girl's imagination. She heard it at night sometimes, scratching at her window, impatient to be let in. Once, to escape from it, she had hidden in the dining-room linen trunk, which had an automatic lock, and it was only because Mrs. Mindy heard the lid's thump that Jane was found alive. Mrs. Mindy had been ill from the fright of it for days after the incident, she said.

Flora straightened the covers over the children. Andrew, small-boned and fair like Carol although he was unlike her in spirit, beamed up at her; she saw the gleam of his teeth in the dark. He was untroubled by the storm.

"I'm going swimming tomorrow," he called as Flora went to the door.

"I can swim on my back as well as my front now, Flora."

"We'll all be swimming, I think," she replied, "if this rain holds." Tomorrow would bring trouble, that she knew. But she smiled at Andrew. "Try to sleep, dear. Good-night."

"Night-night."

It was Flora who could not sleep.

For Flora the morning was different from all other mornings at Keralji. Nothing seemed quite as it had been. It was fantastic to see pools of water glass bright under the sun where before there had been dry dirt. Everyone was busy. Soon the river's bed, which a day ago had been an open scar across the land, would carry the downflow of the northern floods. Already water was moving there.

There were a thousand things to do.

"Them cattle get fat now, Missy," Lucybelle said, when Flora encountered her in the kitchen. Then she added, with an upward glance out of her dark, deceptively candid eyes, "That painty painty fella, him come this way?"

"Mr. Matchett. Oh, yes, he's coming."

"Him funny fella, Missy. Him make trouble."

"You can say that again," Flora said, but under her breath, for she was always very careful in talking to sharp-eared Lucybelle.

Today, however, Lucybelle seemed more concerned with her own affairs than with what was going on at Keralji. She had put on her delphinium-blue dress, which she kept specially to impress the aboriginal Hiiler, her accepted suitor. It had a streaky strain of what was probably the previous evening's custard down the front now and the hem sagged on one side, but that did not worry Lucybelle.

She was completely satisfied with what she saw when she looked in the mirror, which she did frequently. And she was beautiful, Flora had to admit it; not in the conventional way, but in her magnificent dark eyes, in her glowing midnight skin, and the supple grace of her every movement. The dress did not matter at all, it was only a shell for the Lucybelle inside.

As soon as Flora was gone from the kitchen Lucybelle stopped pretending to wipe the cutlery and began to walk up and down, swaying a little as she moved, for she was practising the steps of an age-old



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love dance she had been taught before she was taken from her tribe. She was completely absorbed in what she was doing, in the rhythmical sway of her hips, in the undulations of her long, thin arms, in the poise of her head, but her feet, nevertheless, made no sound at all on the polished floor lest Mrs. Mindy be roused from her doze and come out to demand why the cutlery was not done.

It was Andrew who saw the caravan first from the schoolroom window. He had been coloring in a picture while seven-year-old Jane sat frowning with concentration as she embroidered a daisy on a dressing-table runner which was to be her birthday present for Carol. To keep this surprise hidden from her mother was at the moment her chief pre-occupation.

Andrew's shout broke the quiet:

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 53

"It's the caravan, it's Mickey Matches, he's here. Can I go down, Flora, can I?"

Matchett had said he would come and he had come; he had said he would find out who had murdered Ilse Meyer and her brother, and no doubt he would do that, too, Flora put down her pen. "All right, then, come on. We'll go and say hello."

The two children were already on their way.

Mickey Matchett saw them coming and he flung the door of his caravan wide to usher them in. If it struck him as remarkable that nobody else appeared to greet him—usually the arrival of a visitor was a big event at an isolated homestead, but today

not even Mrs. Mindy showed her face from the kitchen—he gave no sign of it.

Mr. Bonney had been sitting on the verandah with his feet on a stool when Flora came out with the children, but he did not join her. With a brief "Morning," he stood up, tucked his week-old newspaper under his arm, and went into the house. He did not even glance at the caravan.

"Snug as a bug in a rug," Matchett said, when his visitors had crowded in through the narrow, brightly painted door. "Nothing like it for comfort, Miss. If you don't

like your neighbors, you move off. You've got to hand it to them gipsies."

It was a charming caravan, not big but sufficiently roomy for one. Everything was spanking clean, not a plate was out of place.

Matchett, who the day before had looked like a hot-weather tramp, today matched his caravan for neatness. His blue shirt was tucked into slacks and his closely curling hair had been carefully parted.

There was, however, no sign of his paintings. They had been pretexts, nothing more, and now that the Meyers had been found, there was no longer need for pretext. Flora wondered if he had not thrown them into the lagoon before coming away.

There was one picture in the caravan, however, and moving closer to it, Flora found that it was a framed photograph.

She guessed at once whose photograph it was, just as she knew that Matchett standing in the doorway with his hands bunched in his pockets was watching her out of narrowed eyes, though he continued to smile. Conscious of a certain dryness in her throat, she studied the photograph.

A woman was depicted there, a woman with dark straight hair and large eyes. An arresting face it was, the eyes slanted above high cheekbones, the mouth faintly smiling. It was not the face of a young woman—in her late thirties, Flora thought, maybe more, but fascinating.

She said, because she could not help it—Matchett's words yesterday had been merely words, but here was the reality of them, the reason for his coming to Kralji and the justification, surely.

"She was very beautiful, I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Matchett. I didn't realise."

"She was, wasn't she," he agreed. He did not look at the photograph at all. He did not need to. He carried in his memory the image of that face, not still, as in the photograph, but laughing, animated, and above all, alive. "There weren't many like Ilse."

Flora turned and went outside. Matchett followed her, but first he opened a tin from which he removed two squashed-looking chocolate bars wrapped in purple paper. He handed one to Jane, one to Andrew.

"There you are, nippers, eat them and watch your teeth fall out."

"Keep them till after lunch, children," Flora said. "You can have them then. Inside you go now, out of the sun."

Jane, brown-haired and puppy-pink, turned to inquire: "Can I give one to my dolly?"

"Do that."

Matchett had come up behind her. "She's a little doll herself, that Jane. He added cheerily: 'I'm asked to lunch, I hope?'"

FLORA

remembered when Eileen had said when she learned Matchett's coming: "I don't know how long he imagines he's going to stay here. I suppose we'll have to have him at last with us. It's too bad. He's a trouble-maker."

Whether she was referring to the discovery of the Meyers or to Lady Belle's proposed departure with the aboriginal Hitler, Flora could not imagine. Like her brother, Eileen had tested Matchett.

She said, aware that her cheeks were pink: "Of course you're asked to lunch, Mr. Matchett. It's not often we have visitors. Though there'll be Sergeant Ames today."

Matchett grinned broadly. "I'll be forward to it. It's nice to be so welcome. It's been real lonely out of that lagoon. Real lonely."

Flora thought, he knows he's welcome, he simply doesn't care. Not human beings to him at all, he thinks about is that woman.

The sun was hurting her eyes, so she stood there, not noticing it. She was suddenly fed-up with the whole thing, with the secrecy, the hints, the evasions. This man held the key to it all.

Several times she had challenged Brian Flaxman, had stood her ground against his temper. She turned now to Matchett and addressed him straightly. "Do you really believe somebody here murdered Ilse Meyer and her brother? I'd like it right out in the open, if you don't mind."

He was looking beyond her to the house, as though he, as well as she, knew he was being watched from the shadow of those wide windows. He was borne in upon Flora again that was a dangerous, a very dangerous man. He said softly: "Since you press me, Miss, I'll tell you. Yes, I do. In fact I'm sure of it. Somebody here did it all right. Oh, yes. That's why here."

"Who?"

"Don't ask me," he replied. His eyes were fixed on the homestead, seemed actually to be staring at it. One. He had forgotten she was there. Then, as if the words burst out of him, he was aware of saying them, he said: "Don't ask me, ask that big boy yours, Mr. High and Mighty Flaxman. Ask him. He should know. He's to be married to her."

Before Flora could speak, he turned and gone back into his caravan.

To be concluded

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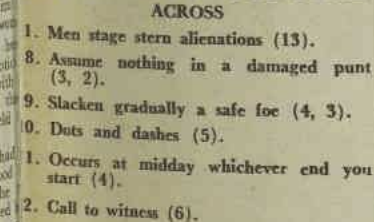
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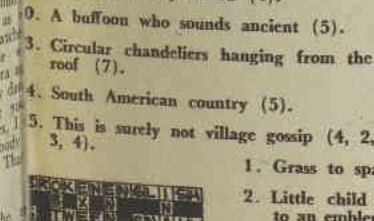
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SEE THAT ZOO? THEY'RE PROUD OF IT HERE. THAT'S GONNA BE THE DIVERSION.



CONTINUED



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YEAH, HOMETON BANK.



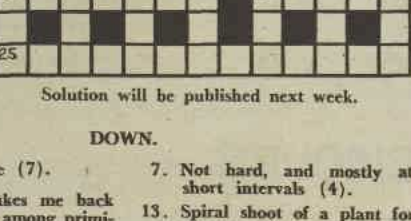
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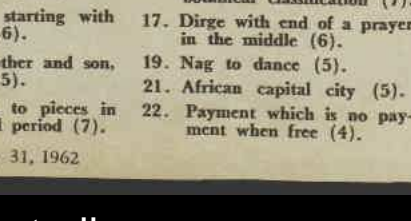
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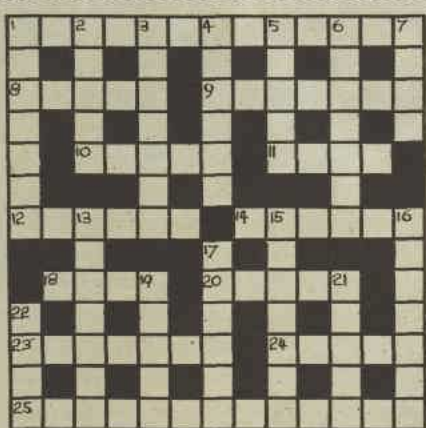
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Men stage stern alienations (13).
 - Assume nothing in a damaged punt (3, 2).
 - Slacken gradually a safe foe (4, 3).
 - Dots and dashes (5).
 - Occurs at midday whichever end you start (4).
 - Call to witness (6).
 - Obfuscate with able beginning (6).
 - Attack no terrier, for it produces something not easily solved (4).
 - A buffoon who sounds ancient (5).
 - Circular chandeliers hanging from the roof (7).
 - South American country (5).
 - This is surely not village gossip (4, 2, 3, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN.

- Grass to spare (7).
- Little child takes me back to an emblem among primitive people (5).
- A king's daughter whom Verdi made sing (7).
- Old creature starting with half a horse (6).
- Builder of mother and son, can be free (5).
- The zoo falls to pieces in this geological period (7).
- Not hard, and mostly at short intervals (4).
- Spiral shoot of a plant for clinging (7).
- Rail, etc. (Anag., 7).
- Pertaining to a system of botanical classification (7).
- Dirge with end of a prayer in the middle (6).
- Nag to dance (5).
- African capital city (5).
- Payment which is no payment when free (4).

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 600.—FROCK
Cut out ready to make in woven check cotton with printed imitation embroidered design. Colors are pink/white; moss-green/white; aqua/white; lilac/white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, 37/6. Postage 4/3 extra on both sizes.

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